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THE BREATH OF ROMANCE.

The breath of romance bloweth where it listeth, but we know not whence it cometh nor whither it goeth. So indefinable is its nameless charm that we hardly know even what to call it. Try to give a definition of romance, and you are baffled; analyze it, and it disappears; put your finger on it, and it is not there. One might as well chase the rainbow or reach out for the sunset radiance. It is of the nature of poetry; it is sometimes akin to religion; it always has in some measure the element of wonder; in first love it is a potent presence; and we may question whether it entirely leaves us except with the breath of life itself. At times we feel that it *is* life, that with the complete fading away (were such a thing possible) of the vision of its unrealized, its ever-to-be-desired beauty and excellence, there would die also the very soul within us.

And yet one feels that it is utterly different from self. Nothing is more emphatically the not-self. To attain the romantic, we long to be where we are not, to do what we are not now doing. If in Syracuse, N. Y., we would be in Syracuse, Sicily; from Paris we turn eyes of desire toward Rome; gliding down the Rhine, we wish to exchange our steamboat for a gondola, the river for a canal in Venice. Anywhere but here, — any time but now! Anything to escape from self! We are filled with a divine unrest. The savage has been defined as a being who has no past and no future; and so we — at least until we have attained the peace that passeth understanding — refuse to find perfect content in the here and now. We race through one novel only to take up another, and if possible a better; delight our souls with Keats, and then leave him for Chaucer; follow breathless the rapid story of Benvenuto Cellini's eventful life, and straightway ask for Amiel's Journal. The remote in time and place are romantic only so long as they are remote. "A ship," says Emerson, "is a romantic object to those who behold it from the shore, not to those on board." To honest Nick Bottom in good old England the African lion is an object of shuddering fascination, "for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living."

The imperious craving for the ideal and the

romantic is never more strongly upon us than when we are in love. John Newton, sea-captain, slave-trader, hard and severe divine, and not too sympathetic friend of Cowper, had his experience of this, for he was once most desperately in love; and in that golden time he used to go all the way (on foot, we may suppose) from London to Shooter's Hill, wherever that may be, simply to look toward the quarter where dwelt the future Mrs. Newton. Not that he could catch the faintest glimpse of gable-end or chimney-pot to mark the sacred spot, for she lived far beyond the range of his vision even after he had travelled all those miles and climbed to the top of the hill; but it gratified the lover, as he afterward assured a friend, to be able merely to look in her direction; and this pleasure he indulged in regularly once a week, and sometimes twice. What drove Newton to seek the summit of Shooter's Hill must have been the "pricking pain" of which Plato tells us. "Man's soul, in a former state," he says, "was winged, and soared among the gods; and so it comes to pass that, in this life, when the soul, by the power of music or poetry, or the sight of beauty, hath her remembrance quickened, forthwith there is a struggling and a pricking pain as of wings trying to come forth, — even as children in teething."

Romance is not a thing made by novelists and poets, as the matter-of-fact man asserts, any more than the peach is made by its bloom, the brook by the babble of its waters, or the volcano by its crater. Against any such theory the romancer himself protests. "Let us look up in fear and reverence," exclaims Mrs. Stowe in glowing phrase in "The Minister's Wooing," "and say, 'GOD is the great maker of romance. HE, from whose hand came man and woman, — HE, who strung the great harp of Existence with all its wild and wonderful and manifold chords, and attuned them to one another, — HE is the great Poet of life.' . . . The scoffing spirit that laughs at romance is an apple of the Devil's own handing from the bitter tree of knowledge; it opens the eyes only to see eternal nakedness. If ever you have had a romantic, uncalculating friendship, a boundless worship and belief in some hero of your soul, — if ever you have so loved that all cold prudence, all selfish worldly considerations, have gone down like driftwood before a river flooded with new rain from heaven, so that you even forgot yourself, and were ready to cast your whole being into the chasm of existence, as an offering before the feet of another, and all for nothing, — if you awoke bitterly betrayed and deceived, still give thanks to God that you have had one glimpse of heaven. The door now shut will open again."

But the romance of love and friendship is, as already intimated, only a part, though the most important and interesting part, of romance as a whole. Goethe has said that nothing is more significant of a man's character than what he finds laughable. More significant even than the amusing or ridiculous is that wherein a man finds charm, wonder, poetry, romance. There is a romance of science, of natural history, of astronomy, of pure mathematics even, and of metaphysics, as truly as there is a romance of love and of friendship. Jenkin on "Bridge Construction," or Crehore on "The Mechanics of the Girder," or Stoney's "Theory of Stresses," may not contain so much poetry or romance for you or me as for the artificer in wood and iron and stone. Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture" has far more. Archimedes, in his dream of a fulcrum firm enough and a lever long enough to enable him to tumble the earth about in space, betrayed the romantic temperament. The romance of an epoch expresses itself through its typical genius. The chapters of Alexander's romance were military campaigns; the Gracchi wrote theirs in terms of agrarian laws; Demosthenes has left his in the form of orations. All the world has read or has heard about Darwin's epoch-making romance; for that the theory of evolution is, in certain aspects, a splendid romance, cannot be denied. Its author comes no nearer to absolute proof of his conclusions in "The Origin of Species" and "The Descent of Man" than does Cervantes to proof of the essential beauty and dignity and sanity of his hero's character. Romance did not die in 1832 with Scott and Goethe, but it presently assumed new form in Darwin's pages, flashed a new light in his discoveries, and took possession of a new domain. The product of the "scientific imagination" was for a period, for an interim, to serve as food for the romance-hunger of the English-speaking world. But it was a scientific imagination held well in hand; not even Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher" being more circumstantial. It dealt in fullest detail with the actual, thus meeting the demands of an age somewhat surfeited with romance of the old-fashioned kind, an age that had outgrown the instinct that in childhood asks for what cannot be (the fairy tale), and in manhood demands what might be (the story of love, of friendship, of war,

of religious devotion). Such an age no longer wishes, in Hazlitt's words, to be what it is not and to do what it cannot, but still craves, even in the actually existent, some glimpse of the yet unattained, some glamour of romance, some subject-matter for wonder. In ripe maturity as in callow infancy, man hungers for the ideal, the unrealized, and (he is driven to confess it) the unrealizable. A realizable ideal would be intolerable. The more and more nearly approachable, but never quite attainable, can alone charm us.

Romance, no more than religion, has anything to fear from science. The more extended the sphere of the known shall become through scientific research, just so much larger a surface will it present to the circumjacent unknowable; and in this latter reside the wonderful, the romantic, the poetic, the ideal. What Matthew Arnold said twenty-seven years ago about the hopeful future of poetry is no less true of romance, the two shading imperceptibly into each other. This promising future of what we may, borrowing from Wordsworth, call "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge," is limitless. To close with Arnold's words, its future "is immense, because in poetry [and in romance in the large sense], where it is worthy of its high destinies, our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay. There is not a creed which is not shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve. Our religion has materialized itself in the fact, in the supposed fact; it has attached its emotion to the fact, and now the fact is failing it. But for poetry [and romance] the idea is everything; the rest is a world of illusion, of divine illusion. Poetry attaches its emotion to the idea; the idea *is* the fact. The strongest part of our religion to-day is its unconscious poetry."

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE EIGHTY-EIGHTH BIRTHDAY OF AN OLD NEW-ENGLANDER whom many outside of little old New England delight to honor was celebrated a few weeks ago, when Mrs. Julia Ward Howe completed four-score and eight years. Father Knickerbocker proudly claims her as his child, for she was born in New York, in Marketfield Street, near the present Produce Exchange, where a few ancient brick houses of that time (1819) are still to be seen. The tribute of a bowl of roses from the Greeks of Boston was, of course, a touching reminder to Mrs. Howe of the reflected fame she still enjoys as widow of Dr. Samuel G. Howe, whose ardent participation in the Greek war for independence now lies more than three-quarters of a century in the past, but has very recently been vividly recalled to memory by his daughter's publication of the young surgeon-soldier's diaries. As reviving memories of a much later war, let us quote a few words from Mrs. Howe's account of the writing of her famous "Battle Hymn." She was returning from a parade of Federal troops, and "to pass the time away we sang 'John Brown's Body.' Some of the marching regiments took it up, and it was passed along the road until the echoes reverberated for miles. My pastor asked me why I did not put the spirit of 'John Brown's Body Lies a-Mouldering in the Grave' into some graceful and expressive words. I told him I had tried. One morning soon after that I awoke suddenly about daylight, and the lines I wanted were vaguely running through my mind. I arose and wrote them down. They were published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the editor [Lowell] named them 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic.'"

* * *

EMERSON AS JUDGED BY HIS CLASSMATES and his teachers at college passed for neither very studious nor very brilliant, but most amiable, winning, and modest, and given to blushing on small provocation. Some of his fellows even thought him dull, and very few predicted for him a distinguished future. Mr. Frank B. Sanborn touched on this interesting matter at the celebration of Emerson's 104th birthday, and adduced also the judgment of another contemporary, Alcott, who wrote (about 1838) of his not then famous fellow-townsman: "The day shall come when this man's genius shall shine beyond the circle of his own city and nation; it shall flash across the wide water, and receive the homage of other peoples. Emerson is destined to be the high literary name of this age. Other men we have who ply small trade in the nooks and corners of this wide sea, and whose wares are pedled at this place and that; but this man's genius is cosmopolitan, and shall be in demand wherever man has risen above the mere mechanics and utilities of life." Theodore Parker, after a dozen years' acquaintance with Emerson, spoke of his culture in a way that, as Mr. Sanborn intimates, contrasts strangely with Mr. Woodberry's later pronouncement. Parker wrote: "Emerson's literary culture is of him, and not merely on him. His learning appears not in his quotations, but in his talk. His reading gives a certain richness to his style, which is more literary than that of any American writer; as much so as Jeremy Taylor's." The later critic assures us that "his reading was strange but not learned." Yet who shall assert that Parker, whose reading was both strange and learned, was no good judge of literary culture? The failure of Emerson's young associates to discern the embryo sage need not cause surprise. Schoolboys are proverbially quick to take the measure of a man, but are as blind to undeveloped genius as the rest of us.

STORIES OF EXTRAORDINARY THEFTS have done much to enliven the pages of literature; and they also at times relieve the humdrum monotony of life, though not to the equal satisfaction of all parties concerned. In prose fiction, Mark Twain has given us "The Stolen White Elephant." In the drama, Susannah Centlivre amused London play-goers a generation ago with the comedy of "The Stolen Heiress," and Paul Merritt entertained them with "Stolen Kisses" (not the most extraordinary kind of stealing, it must be admitted), while patrons of the present-day stage have enjoyed the complications of "The Stolen Story." The rich plunder of the Forty Thieves made glad the heart and plethoric the pocket of the poor Persian woodcutter Ali Baba; and a far different kind of theft brought sorrow to the hearts of many pious members of a New England community in much more recent times, as may be read in a slender pamphlet printed about fifty years ago and entitled, "Stolen! From Many Citizens in Cambridge, on the 4th Instant, the Rest and Quiet of the Holy Sabbath Day" — by reason of the unpuritanical determination of the Union Railway Company to run its cars on Sunday. Finally, it was but yesterday, so to speak, that some energetic Japanese patriots — vandals, the indignant Koreans would call them — carried off the massive white marble pagoda of P'ung-duk from the environs of Seoul, which one would have supposed to be as improbable a bit of souvenir-collecting as the purloining, if we can imagine it, of our Washington Monument by the English, or the pocketing of Grant's tomb at Riverside Park by (let us say) some nephew or grandson of Jefferson Davis. But it has long been a subject of remark that truth is stranger than fiction. What invention of the fancy could rival that remarkable larceny of a *well* belonging to Abraham, which, as we read in "Genesis," Abimelech's servants violently carried away?

* * *

THE LONGEVITY OF A GOOD JOKE is a matter of common knowledge. A juicy joke of pronounced human flavor enjoys — to quote from one of Lamb's long-forgotten sonnets — "more days than went to make the gem that crowned the white top of Methusalem." Mr. Andrew Lang has lately written a good but almost too erudite account of certain transfers and transmissions and re-applications and (if one may say so) reincarnations of tried and tested stories. His unusual familiarity with Scotch history and legend furnishes him with abundant illustration of the imperishability of a tale that contains elements of universal appeal. He even goes so far as to assert that "an Egyptian myth of a sort only quotable in scientific circles is current among the most untutored Australian black fellows, whose ancestors may have heard Ham narrate it in the Ark. Ghost stories are just as old." He frankly confesses in regard to himself: "Among other ways of amassing unpopularity, I have the odious habit of criticising a talé told to me, for example, about Miss X., who still lives and decorates society. 'I find that yarn first in Grammont's Memoirs,' I say; 'it has a traceable pedigree of more than two centuries.'" A story has recently been told of one of our college professors who is said to be so absent-minded that, after leaving his house and posting on the door the hour of his expected return, if he comes back before the advertised time he sits down and waits for himself to come and open the door. Soon after hearing this anecdote we chanced upon the very same story told of a certain bishop of Copenhagen some centuries ago.

* * *

THE IRRITABILITY OF POETS is proverbial, as we are often reminded by the well-worn Latin phrase. An amusing instance is now reported in which not even death, reconciler of foes, availed to mitigate the irascibility of one poet toward another. Rumor, ever fertile in invention, would have us believe that at a recent spiritistic *séance* in Rome a table violently hurled itself at Signore Gabriele d'Annunzio and chased him with fell intent around the room; and this astonishing display of ferocity on the table's part is attributed to the lately-deceased poet Carducci as instigator and prime mover, the lamented bard being known to have cherished very unfriendly feelings toward his junior fellow-poet. But there is more to tell. Not content with physical violence, the quadrupedal agent of Carducci's animosity proceeded to rap out some very uncomplimentary opinions of the hated one's literary productions. Friends of the young man are now apprehensive of what may occur if a certain famous actress, with whom he is at variance, crosses the bar before him. Combining their forces, his two enemies might easily toss a grand piano at him in an unguarded moment, or give him his quietus with one of the ample wardrobes in which he keeps his ninety-nine changes of raiment. The prospect is full of terror. If dead authors and artists are to enjoy *post-mortem* privileges in wreaking vengeance on living foes, who will have the courage to pass unprejudiced judgment on their works?

* * *

"PHONOGRAPHIC CANNED TONGUE," as records of the human voice are expressively called, has a value that will increase with the passage of time — being in this respect quite unlike the literal tinned beef. What would we not give to hear the nervous accents, the *ipsissima vox*, so to speak, of Frederick the Great, as future ages will listen to the august utterance of his great-great-great-grand-nephew, William the Sudden! Think of having at our command one of Shakespeare's sonnets recited by himself, as our descendants will have (let us say) a poem of Mr. Alfred Austin's in the laureate's very tones. How glorious to be thrilled by the embalmed eloquence of Demosthenes on the Crown (if our Attic Greek were not getting a little rusty) as an audience of the forty-second century may be electri-

fied by the impassioned periods of Mr. William J. Bryan on monopoly and trusts! And with a vitascope attachment, the orator will be seen as well as heard. What possibilities, too, are opened up for the conservation of pronunciation in its pristine purity! Radical and reasonless change will have opposed to it the inflexible conservatism of the phonographic record. Like the standard metre preserved at Paris, we might have a standard pronunciation stored in a fire-proof vault of the British Museum or the Congressional Library. It is an inexhaustibly suggestive theme.

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ENCOURAGEMENT TO DULLARDS AT SCHOOL is found, now as always, in the unbrilliant traits of many a youngster who afterward achieved fame. Some one ought to collect statistics to determine whether more smart scholars have turned out fools, or *vice versa*, and whether most great men were industrious or idle, bright or dull, in the schoolroom. It is now told of Sir Hiram Maxim that he believes himself to have been the stupidest and also the best-behaved pupil at his first school; and in proof of his youthful stupidity he relates the story of the leather medal he won on a certain memorable day. It was the last day of the term, a proud day for Hiram's younger sister, for to her was awarded the first prize. Other prizes were also bestowed, and then the teacher said: "I will now give a leather medal to the most stupid scholar in the school." "I looked about me," says Sir Hiram, "and I was quite certain it must be Kimm Casley, the double-thumbed boy. But no; the teacher selected Hiram Maxim. I went forward and was given the only medal I have ever received in my life for anything relating to education."

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A GRIEVANCE OF ENGLISH AUTHORSHIP is due to the income tax, from which Americans, literate and illiterate, are exempt. The question was recently raised in the House of Commons whether royalties on books should be regarded as earned or unearned income; the tax on unearned income — income from investments — being fourpence in the pound higher than on earned income, or salaries. It was decided by the Chancellor of the Exchequer that this question must be determined by the circumstances of each case, separately considered. And so the indignant, if not indigent, author is likely to find himself mulcted for not selling his wares outright instead of patiently waiting year after year for the uncertain royalties that constitute his precarious revenue.

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THE AMENITIES OF LITERARY CRITICISM are amusingly illustrated by Mr. Frank Harris's condemnatory comments on Professor Raleigh's "Shakespeare," which he calls, among other things, "an old housewife's rag-bag," "a stew," "feeble-foolish," "fulsome-dishonest," and altogether "a disgrace to English scholarship." This command of invective is no more than might have been expected in an ex-editor of a certain London literary review issued on the last day of each week; and the fact that Mr. Harris once wrote a book himself on "The Man Shakespeare" probably gives him in this instance additional confidence and freedom in ventilating his vocabulary. It may be, however, that he, no more than his victim, looks upon this kind of smartly-picturesque denunciation as serious criticism; nay, more, it is very possible that, in the kindness of his heart, he is printing this array of unusual adjectives and nouns as the surest means of advertising an excellent book.

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SIXTEENTH-CENTURY DRAMA ON A TWENTIETH-CENTURY STAGE is a spectacle so rare (if we leave out of account such of Shakespeare's plays as fall within that century) that it deserves to be noted. Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus" was produced last month by the English Department of Princeton University, all the parts being taken by undergraduates. This was the first presentation of the play on an American stage, we believe, and it was received with favor by a large audience. It was not long ago that Udall's "Ralph Royster Doyster" enjoyed a similar success at the hands of Harvard students; and a little earlier still Greene's "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay" was very creditably rendered at the University of Illinois. In university circles at any rate the English drama might be in worse case than it is to-day.

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A POSTHUMOUS WORK OF JOHN STUART MILL, entitled "On Social Freedom, or the Necessary Limits of Individual Freedom Arising out of the Conditions of our Social Life," is announced for publication this month in the first number of the triannual "Oxford and Cambridge Review." The manuscript was found among Mill's effects in the house at Avignon where he died, and was designed to be merely the introduction to a detailed treatment of the same subject. Interest in social questions is now at its height, but it may well be doubted whether an essay written a third of a century ago in the retirement of Avignon will greatly further the solution of present-day problems. However, as a sequel to his treatise "On Liberty" it must at least appeal to curiosity.

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A GENEROUS OFFER GENEROUSLY DECLINED was that of three-quarters of a million dollars from Mr. Carnegie to the city of Detroit for a new public library building. By a majority of seventy-seven the voters indicated their unwillingness to be indebted to outside help in this matter; and by a majority of eleven hundred they further voted to provide for the new building by the issue of municipal bonds to the amount of their would-be benefactor's offer. This double manifestation of civic pride and independence is noteworthy.

The New Books.

The Wild Flowers of England.*

One of the recurrent joys of our latter-day springs is the forthputting of the many books which may be broadly classed as garden-books, since they have to do with flowers in somebody's gardens, either man's or Nature's. For the sake of the almost limitless power and range of their suggestion, it is easily forgiven the writers of many of these essays into well-known or unknown fields that they handicap their work with recitals of the sayings and doings of all sorts and conditions of men, women, and even babies; but it is always a far greater pleasure to find that the writer has trusted to the growing green things themselves for the interest of the book, and has left out the suggestions of human presence save an occasional modest "I." It is thus with the beautiful volume entitled "Nature's Own Garden," which has come to us from over-seas, from which it will be so great a pleasure to quote that only a thin thread of comment is needed to hold the excerpts together.

The keynote of Mrs. Clarke's work is struck in the words of Richard Jefferies which stand in the place of the dedication that should have been offered to his beloved memory, so full is the book of the spirit that came into the world with Thoreau and found its highest exemplar in the author of "The Story of My Heart." It would hardly have been possible to write "Nature's Own Garden" had not Jefferies shared with us the wonderful and beautiful thoughts born of his close friendship with English fields and commons, English lanes and hedgerows, English copses and woodlands, and the banks of English brooks and rivers. The dear unpraised growths which Nature has always loved, and to which he gave the devotion of his too-short life, but which men often call common or even unclean, by his earnest disciple are treated with the sympathy and justice with which he ever won "the secret of the weed's plain heart." Eyes hungering for beauty are again, as in Jefferies's enchanting pages, persuaded to look at things that are near and common, and to find it there; and herein lies the value of this book. Rarely has attention been more clearly called to the decorative possibilities of many obscure water-loving plants; rarely have nature's ways of grouping and massing, the value of wide plantings of single species, or the infinite forethought for succession, been better understood; and still more rarely has a book been so filled with an ever-present sense of the relations of each tiniest moss with the universe of life.

To give a taste of the quality of the book, we quote a passage on English grass-fields in June.

> "When each and all of the Nature Gardens are so lovely in their own particular way, it is unwise to show partiality; and yet there is something dangerously like it, if I say that the gardens of the grass-fields in June seem to hold the largest possibilities of any. . . . The corn-fields have their very definite beauty, but there is not the variety of plants growing among the corn that the grass can muster.
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> "It seems such a perfectly content and satisfactory family, studding the green with all colours: white and yellow, orange, blue and pink of many shades. And there are not the obvious signs of struggle; so many of the species stand in an orderly height with each other — all can drink up the moisture below, and sway in the warm air freely; a garden of much beatitude. As the weeks of June add together, the flowers' strength and the strength of the grass seem to rise and swell into the fullest tide of the flowers' year.
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> "The woods are busy, and the hedges showing all their strength of beautiful things; but the heart of June seems in the grass-fields standing for hay. One watches the growing magnificence with a joy that becomes fretted with a fear — for there will be a sudden turning of that tide, not at the hand of Nature, for her proceedings are never sudden, but at the hand of man."

Here is a pretty picture of the Harebell:

> "There is a distinctive thinness and lightness in the Harebell flowers that suggest the surround of the wind; the flower that living on high land is evolved during months of ceaseless wind-rush. Utterly unlike the Orchid of the woods, constructed of moisture-laden cells, the Harebells have been formed under circumstances when moisture was at a minimum. The winds dry off all evaporation rapidly when the Harebell is blooming, and July and August sunshine beats down upon the land extracting the value of every thunder shower. It is as if the pale blue-bells were stretched to the attenuation of parchment by constant adaptation to the wind-rush — constant gift to the demand of circumstance, yet nothing painfully, for all is orderly in the slow steps by which sensation is expressed in characteristic form. Being perfected as wind-flowers, they bend to it with ease in all ways; sudden gusts or fierce onslaughts when September catches the flower with storms, are met by the Harebell's wiriness of growth as accustomed events; it is equal to them as a natural contact of surrounding."

Heather has seldom been better portrayed than in this extract:

> "This is the garden-ground proper for the Heather, where there is wide space for it, and the slopes and hollows, down to the bed of the peaty streams where the sundew thrives and catches all its need of the great insect-humming world that dances over the purple sea. All the space of the wide arms of the land stretched out

*Nature's Own Garden. Written and illustrated, in line and colour, by Maud Umfreville Clarke. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

under the sun; all the run of light and shadow over it; all the hum and song above it; and the life of the tribes in Nature that creep and burrow and tunnel out their homes deep in the Heather roots — this is the glory of one of Nature's best gardens. And where the land is the Heather's own, it makes and names the place so in its own language of pure colour: crimson that is deep where the sprays tuft in shadow, and crimson that, catching the blue of the sky on all the myriad of little bells, turns a softer and bluer note on the upper swells of the land, and on into the long distance where the haze wraps blue and crimson together as one, and in all of it the glory of the Heather sings in the silences. The heat beats down upon it, and brings out the aromatic scent powerfully, something pungent and yet sweet, as baffling to close scrutiny as the shifting of colour-lines to the eye; the division-lines or partitions are not there; in both these is the weaving to and fro of much complexity that defies decision.

"But the moors in Summer are not for decisions, but for the receiving of matters that are given in breadth and place; songs sung through great chords. . . . It is the crescendo pitch: the apex of the great arch that slants toward dusk, when the purple is sapped slowly away by grey mist, and the hollows get darker and darker into wonderful violet-browns that pass again into nothing but the soft dark of earth on a summer night."

It is like being "in England now that April 's there," or "when the spray is white with May," to turn these pages, in which are blossoming the flowers that began to blossom for Chaucer and that still look up into all eyes akin to his. Many of the wide margins bear pen-drawings for the comfort of the reader who does not know what borage looks like or what stitchwort is. Many other large colored plates are due to the clever brush-work of the author; but here is to be felt something of the disappointment that always accompanies the eager glance which first greets any effort to express the meaning of flowers in a mass. One cannot always recognize the flowers of the text in the plates, — they are often too broad in treatment and too vague in color; but they add greatly to our pleasure by a certain stimulating quality which unites the plant to the landscape in a very delightful way.

SARA ANDREW SHAFER.

THE DOME OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM READING-ROOM is thought to be in danger of collapse; hence the room is to be closed for repairs during the summer and fall, special accommodation being provided elsewhere in the building for those engaged in literary research of exceptional importance. It has been conjectured that the only reason why the dome has not long since fallen on the studious heads beneath is that the density of the atmosphere, which has caused so many of those heads to ache, upheld the structure and so saved them from what might have made them ache still worse, or have even put an end to their capacity for aching at all.

STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE.*

The latest volume in the "Nature Series" of illustrated works dealing with various phases of the living world is concerned with a group of animals that bring to the minds of most readers only a shudder of horror. Seekers for thrills will not find in the pages of Mr. Ditmars's "Reptile Book" much exciting literature, though they may run across some good snake-stories, and can readily satisfy the most morbid appetite for a chilly feeling down the back or for that undesirable tension of the scalp that most of us experience at the rustle of a snake in the grass. One has only to scan the many photographs of serpents in various attitudes of action and repose, which the author has very cleverly collected, to appreciate how effective a temperance tract he has unwittingly prepared!

If, however, the reader turns from a casual inspection of the book to a careful perusal of its pages, he very soon finds that all reptiles are not as black as they are painted, — that, indeed, they may even become exceedingly interesting. Turtles, alligators, lizards, and even some snakes, make tractable and interesting pets, learn to eat from their keeper's hand, and, if properly kept, thrive in captivity. It is high time that man as a rational being should stop his indiscriminate bruising of serpents' heads and limit the action of his heel to those that actually do menace human life. Some species — as, for example, the gopher snakes — are beneficial to the farmer by their destruction of rodents, and most of the common species are at least innocuous. Let us hope that Mr. Ditmars's book may do something toward increasing the number of advocates of the rights of even snakes to life, liberty, and the pursuit of such vermin as they need.

The author, as Keeper of Reptiles in the New York Zoölogical Gardens, has had exceptional opportunities to study this interesting but much neglected group under ideal conditions. His photographs are most excellent, and are very life-like with a few exceptions where preserved material appears to have been used.

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*THE REPTILE BOOK. A Comprehensive Popularized Work on the Structure and Habits of Turtles, Tortoises, Crocodilians, Lizards, and Snakes which inhabit the United States and Northern Mexico. By Raymond L. Ditmars. With eight plates in color and more than four hundred photographs from life. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

NATURE'S CRAFTSMEN. Popular Studies of Ants and other Insects. By Henry Christopher McCook. With portraits and illustrations from nature. New York: Harper & Brothers.

ANIMAL ARTISANS, and Other Studies of Birds and Beasts. By C. J. Cornish, M.A., F.Z.S. With portraits, and twelve drawings by Patten Wilson. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

"My camera has worked hard and faithfully, and the details of structure have been fully portrayed; but in a work like this *colour value* in the pattern is of great importance, and here the camera has its limitations, though assisted by the ray-filter and colour-sensitive plates. A great amount of work was done upon the negatives themselves, and in this the use of restraining dyes formed an important part; some of the developed plates were put through a half-dozen processes before they passed a satisfactory test. Those illustrations of snakes that are blotched or ringed with scarlet (a difficult problem for the camera) are good examples of the final result."

The author exhibits a fine scorn for details of nomenclature, and for anatomical and structural features, especially internal characters not easily seen by the careless observer. It is very evident, however, that more care on his part to insure the correct terminology would have added greatly to the permanent value of his work, and furthermore that its general usefulness would have been greatly enhanced by a more generous inclusion of pertinent anatomical, physiological, and œcological detail. It is to be presumed that the general reader would be quite as much interested in the structure of the poison glands and fangs of the rattlesnake, or in the peculiar pineal eye of lizards, or in the relations of color changes in reptiles to heat and cold, as in extended accounts of the superficial markings of various species. This narrow approach to the subject has somewhat marred the proportions of an otherwise valuable treatise.

A series of popular essays on the natural history of ants and other insects that exhibit highly developed instincts and habits are included in a volume entitled "Nature's Craftsmen," from the pen of the veteran entomologist and student of insect activities, Dr. Henry C. McCook. The score of chapters are, for the most part, revisions or expansions of recent magazine articles, supplemented by considerable new material, and all are abundantly illustrated. They are largely drawn from the field of the author's specialty, the study of ants and spiders, with a number of original studies of wild bees, water spiders, caddis flies, wasps, and ant-lions. The various chapters deal with such subjects as the life of the queen ant, the dispersal of ant colonies, the aphid herds and the habits of ants in the care of their aphid flocks, the personal hygiene of ants and methods of emmet sanitation, the slave-making forays and the relations between captor and vassal, the so-called agricultural ants, and the curious honey ants of the far West. Not the least interesting chapter is that which deals with aëronautic spiders.

"Let one walk in the fields on a warm October day when a soft breeze is blowing. If he will stoop low and glance along the meadow, his eye will catch the sheen of myriads of fine silken filaments. They float from every elevated spot. They fringe fence-posts and hedges. They stream like pennants from tall weeds. They interlace the foliage of bushes with delicate meshes, or flutter like ribbons from their tops. These are the ropes and netting of ballooning spiders.

"If, now, one will glance upward, he will be apt to see long, white, sinuous filaments drifting through the air, over tree-tops, across streams, far aloft, or perhaps low enough to be within reach. If he will grasp one of these threads he may find in his hand a small spider; but not always, for many drifting filaments are simply trial threads, or loose bits of the drag-lines which spiders are apt to throw out as anchors when they walk. His captive will be a flying-spider, arrested in aëronautic flight, and the silken filament is, in fact, her balloon."

Dr. McCook's work is popular in the sense that it deals with "phases of natural life that come most easily into common thought and interest," but its spirit is scientific and its literary form is excellent. The character of the contents, the interesting nature of the observations related, and the clearness and grace of the author's style, all combine to place the book in the first rank of popular natural histories. While the author of "The Reptile Book" has yielded to the English, or perhaps entomological, habit of appending a common name to each species, in almost all cases coined directly from the Latin scientific name, Dr. McCook has wisely presumed that the intelligence of his readers is sufficient to justify the use of the scientific name without the accompanying vulgar patronymic.

Mr. Charles John Cornish, the author of "Animal Artisans," was an English schoolmaster at St. Paul's School, London, an Oxford man, and a contributor for many years to "The Spectator" and "Country Life" (English) of essays on natural-history subjects. This volume of essays, edited by his wife, is to the American reader an interesting revelation of the attitude of the educated Englishman toward natural history. The range of topics discussed is indeed a wide one, reaching from the "Fauna of the Railroad" to "Canary Culture," and from "The Simple Life" to "Animals and their Clothes." Running through the nearly two-score chapters is a great deal of clever field observation upon the ways of animals, — observations such as a sportsman-naturalist, imbued with a love of nature, and endowed with a keen eye for significant, interesting, or unusual phenomena, might make. These observations are recorded in excellent form, and, as might be expected,

with abundant literary and historical allusion, as in the following example:

"Whence the legend of the swan-song came is not very certain. It was one of the tales of the ancients; but, like most other fables concerning birds and beasts, was very early questioned. Even Pliny, in his great reservoir of nonsense about animals, doubted it; and so did Athenæus and others. Sir Thomas Browne noted it among his 'vulgar errors.' But the call of the hooper swan, as it flies, is very striking, and when uttered by night may well have given rise to the story."

One receives the impression that the natural history here recorded is the outcome of an avocation. It lacks the tension, and the critical point of view, of the trained scientist. It reveals a temper of mind fostered by and perhaps expressed in the many British natural history field-clubs, a diversion akin to the Briton's love of sport, but with added intellectual and æsthetic elements. How rarely, indeed, in the rush of our American life, do we find time or occasion to cultivate this contemplative temper of mind toward nature! In the rivalry of our vocations have we not too much neglected the contribution which this avocation might make to the sanity and health of our intellectual life?

CHARLES ATWOOD KOFOID.

BOOKS FOR GARDEN-LOVERS.*

Although it is comparatively but few years since Americans began to take a vital interest in gardening, and in beautifying the surroundings of their homes, the number of writers on the subject has grown so rapidly that one is tempted to vary the words of Solomon to read, "Of making many garden books there is no end." Yet so long as they contain something novel either in matter or form, there can hardly be too many of them. Besides giving welcome to the increasing number of works from our own side of the water, we are glad to have the attractive and interesting volumes from older countries where gardening has so long been a joy and where beautiful gardens are as famous as storied castles.

Mr. W. Robinson, a well-known writer on English gardens, has given us a work entitled "The Garden Beautiful," which, although intended chiefly for English readers, has hardly less interest for garden-makers in this country, especially those who would plant or improve woodland. The secondary title of the book, "Home Woods, Home Landscape," suggests its character; and although Mr. Robinson has several chapters on other aspects of garden-making, it is the larger effects and methods that he here makes prominent. In the beginning, he fulminates with something of the same sort of indignation Ruskin shows against false ideas of beauty, and he is a sharp critic of pretenders and pretentious writers. He himself is a serious and earnest worker in landscape gardening (he scorns the expression "landscape architect," which he considers a contradiction in terms), and he illustrates his principles with numerous examples of work already carried out. Some of the specific subjects considered are flowering shrubs and trees, climbers, rock and wall gardens, the wild garden, the aspects of the flower garden in different seasons, the "new" rose garden, marsh, bog, and water gardens, fragrance, the orchard beautiful, lawns, and playgrounds. Nearly half the book is devoted to the home woods — the woodland garden, the large trees of the northern forests, evergreen covert, underwoods, mixed woods, waste in planting, fencing for woodland, and other branches of the subject. The author has a final chapter defending his use of common English names of plants and trees; and here we must differ with him. He is doubtless right in his contention that the Latin names, which are subject to change at the hands of scientists, are frequently confusing or misleading to the amateur; but since the popular English names are not always common to all English-speaking countries, a glossary that would furnish a common meeting-ground would make the book more valuable. There is a fairly good index, and the book is dignified in appearance, without illustrations.

Mr. Eben E. Rexford, whose name is found in the tables of contents of many popular magazines as an authority on gardening topics, has brought some of these papers together in a volume entitled "Four Seasons in the Garden." The title is an arbitrary one, for the chapters, while they include such titles as "Spring in the Garden," "The Garden in Summer," "The Flowers of Fall," "Fall Work in the Garden," and "The Winter Window-Garden," embrace others that come under none of these headings and are apparently in no special order of arrangement; nor is winter in the out-door

*THE GARDEN BEAUTIFUL. Home Woods, Home Landscape. By W. Robinson. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

FOUR SEASONS IN THE GARDEN. By Eben E. Rexford. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE GARDEN MONTH BY MONTH. By Mabel Cabot Sedgwick. Assisted by Robert Cameron, Gardener of the Harvard Botanical Gardens. Illustrated. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

garden considered at all, save very incidentally. In other words, the book is not what its title might indicate — a guide to the seasons in their order. It is likely to be most serviceable to beginners in garden-making. The author's language is simple, his style is popular, and he gives facts and instruction in an easily understood form. Especially on such subjects as lawns, flower-beds, back-yard gardens, window-boxes, the growing of bulbs, etc., the book will be helpful and suggestive. The chapter on "A Garden of Native Plants" suggests some of the lovely shrubs, vines, and plants that can be secured to beautify even the smallest garden. To many city dwellers, accustomed to make a garden only of bedding-plants, these hints will come as a revelation. Possibly an undue share of attention is given to in-door gardening, but the chapters on "The Culture and Care of Palms" and "The Use of Growing Plants for Table Decoration" will no doubt prove very useful in helping to provide floral decorations for the table. Two chapters on "Rural and Village Improvement Societies," which should be read by men as well as women, close the book. There is a colored frontispiece, also twenty-six other illustrations from photographs; and the volume is presented in something of a gift-book form, by means of decorated end-papers and title-pages, embellished with numerous excerpts from the poets. There is also a good index.

A wholly different type of work, — in fact, so far as we know, something really new in this now wide field, — is Mrs. Mabel Cabot Sedgwick's "The Garden Month by Month." This really does take up, not garden work, but the garden denizens, according to each month in which they appear in the greater part of the United States. The floral year, taking the vicinity of Boston as the standard, is made to begin with March and end with September. The scope of the information is denoted on the title-page as "describing the appearance, color, dates of bloom, and cultivation, of all desirable hardy plants for the formal or wild garden, with additional lists of aquatics, vines, etc." This is not distinctively a reading book, to be enjoyed in an easy-chair while the imaginative gardener plans his next year's accomplishments, or dreams of a paradise that he may never have, — rather, it is a reference book, presenting much information in tabular form, with illustrations intended as an assistance to the text, whose pages will be a guide to those who might be misled by florists' and seedmen's catalogues and to readers of books that abound in unfamiliar names. The inclusion of a color-chart is a new feature, and shows that the author justly considers color-effects the most important thing to be considered when planning a garden. Another distinctive feature of the book is that it confines itself to hardy perennials (and a few tender ones), the annuals having been omitted because of their varying season of bloom. Nevertheless, if the supplementary list of fifty desirable annuals had been classified according to color also, it would be of undoubted assistance to the beginner who takes this book as a guide. The color-chart is so painstaking, with so many minute gradations, that it is worthy of special mention; inasmuch as the listed flowers, as stated in the preface, have nearly all been carefully verified by the chart. The author modestly disclaims perfection in this feature, while feeling that her chart is probably as accurate as any that can be made. This is doubtless the case; but it only goes to show anew that color resides in the eye of the beholder, for several instances could be cited where the color-sense of the author and that of the reviewer do not quite agree. The illustrations, as has been said, are intended for service rather than for beauty merely, and many of them really fulfil this purpose, yet there are a number that are not of sufficiently sharp outline to enable one unfamiliar with the flower to picture it plainly to himself. The tabular arrangement is by color (which includes the popular description and a numbered reference to the chart), by English name, botanical name and synonyms, description (with hints on cultivation, etc.), height, situation, and time of bloom. The appendix includes, besides the lists mentioned on the title-page, bog-garden or marsh plants, plants conspicuous for their foliage, a few of the best ferns, and some minor supplementary lists. The index is full and carefully made. Altogether, this is a most valuable book for the shelves devoted to one's garden library, in a location handy for reference.

EDITH GRANGER.

MR. FERRIS GREENSLET is now collecting letters and material for a Memoir of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, which he hopes to have ready for publication by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in the fall of 1908. The book will be written with the sanction and coöperation of Mr. Aldrich's family and friends. The same publishers have in preparation the "Ponkapog Edition" of Aldrich's complete works, in nine volumes, handsomely illustrated, and issued in the same form as their recent "Riverby" Burroughs and "Walden" Thoreau.

Dramas of the Wild.*

The opening summer, with all its other allurements, offers us an absorbing drama of wild life, if we will but place ourselves in the audience of the discerning. To do this is not difficult, since the stage is everywhere except on city streets, and the conditions of seeing some part of the play are only a little time, patience, and desire. But the drama grows in intensity as it draws farther away from centres of human life, and the conditions of witnessing it become less easy of fulfilment, so that even if our desire is great most of us miss the supremely thrilling scenes and must learn of them by hearsay.

It is impossible not to envy Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts the freedom of this out-door theatre which years of devoted attendance have given him; but the envy gives place to gratitude, after all, for the competence with which he makes us see what we could not have seen for ourselves. His collection of stories just now published under the fascinating title "The Haunters of the Silences" reports with skill and vividness dramas of wild life beyond the range of ordinary observation, where the primitive instincts of the brute play their tragedy against a spacious and lonely background which tremendously enhances the significance of every action. "In the ancient wild," he writes, "there were three great silences which held their habitation unassailed. They were the silence of the deep of the lake, the silence of the dark heart of the cedar swamp, and the silence of the upper air, high above the splintered peak of the mountain." There is the silence, too, of the far frozen north, and the darkness and silence of the sea, whose depth Mr. Roberts confesses he has not penetrated, but whose secrets he at least cleverly approximates.

Wrapped in the mystery of such surroundings, even hunger and bestial hate and lust of blood become tolerable dramatic forces, admissible for their very grimness and power. One responds in spite of himself to the glory of combat when the polar bear feels the slash of the walrus's mighty tusks, or in the deep-sea battles for life with the narwhal. (Is it not, by the way, an addition to ordinary knowledge of the polar bear that he is a masterly swimmer and diver?) There is no escaping sympathy for such heroic failures as those of the drake whose flight is cut short by the "terror of the air," or of the king salmon whose repeated efforts to leap the falls leave him torn and bleeding on the rocks below. Mr. Roberts has a sense of the continuity of the struggle which is almost new, and which sometimes carries these plays into a third or fourth act. The shrew-mole (for the *dramatis personæ* are not all of large proportions) that kills the black snake is himself killed by the fox, and the mink that catches mice is caught by an eagle. Man appears sometimes as the beneficiary of this chain of fate, sometimes as himself the *deus salvator*. A mariner is imprisoned on his wrecked boat by a shark, and is unable to dive even for a pole to hoist his signal of distress, until a sword-fish mercifully — for the man — cuts the shark in two. And, most tremendous and grewsome of all, a diver caught in the toils of a devil-fish in the dark caverns of the sea, — "a colossal, swollen, leprous-looking bulk, spotted and pallid," with huge tentacles that seem to grow with every cut given them, — is saved by the providential intervention of a killer whale. Stories of horses, deer, bear, lynx, and beaver, and a most delicious tale of an ant imprisoned in a pitcher-plant, complete the volume. The ending is not always tragedy. Even man, who is too likely to play the part of the villain when an animal is the hero, is shown to be capable of pity and of justice. A more satisfactory resolution of the conflict between human and sub-human interests has seldom been given than in the story of the hunter who traps a lynx, but later is obliged to accept the lynx's help against a pack of wolves, and so gives the animal his well-earned liberty. For this large-minded fairness, as well as for the other reasons suggested, the book belongs to the small but fortunately growing class of the best nature story-books. It is praise enough of Mr. Bull's spirited illustrations that they help rather than hinder the imagination, even with the most difficult subjects.

In contrast to the vigorous movement of these pieces, Dr. Madden's "Forest Friends" furnishes a good example of the static drama. It fills a real need in supplying a record of the animal life of regions near at hand in the early days of man's occupation. A boy of seven, the author settled with his parents on the shores of Lake Michigan in the time of the "uncleared forest, the unbroken soil," and set about mak-

* The Haunters of the Silences. A Book of Animal Life. By Charles G. D. Roberts. With illustrations and decorations by Charles Livingston Bull. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Forest Friends. The Woodland Adventures of a Boy Pioneer. By John Madden, M.D. With frontispiece. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Outdoors. A Book of the Woods, Fields, and Marshlands. By Ernest McGaffey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

ing friends with the forest itself, and with the gentler classes of its inhabitants. He was soon, with no other stimulus than his natural bent, in "thorough sympathy with nature, a sympathy which makes living worth so much more, and which always furnishes a happy relaxation from the more sordid, hard, material cares of life." A deer runway near the pioneer's cabin was the most potent factor in this sympathetic education, and the young nature-lover soon began to feel that "a day upon which a deer is seen is better than another day," and to do what he could to save the beautiful creatures from being run into the lake by a brutal dog and there murdered (there was no other word) by the dog's more brutal master. Foxes, squirrels, rabbits, birds, and even bears, came in for their share of the boy's friendly curiosity; while wolf, lynx, and on one memorable night a panther, supplied the element of fear. If Mr. Madden does not attempt to enhance the situation with any tense exercise of dramatic art, he at least catches the significance of what he sees, and sets forth interesting facts. For example, of the osprey he writes:

> "The gentlest of all birds of prey is the osprey fisherman. The most timid and least capable of self-protection among the song birds did not fear him, sparrows, warblers, and other small birds alighting on his very nest when he was at home, and sitting on the same branch with him when he rested after a hard task at fishing."

And for Chicagoans these statistics bear a moral:

> "The immense numbers of birds [passenger pigeons] destroyed here were killed and captured for shipment to Chicago. . . . During this time [from March to August] there were sent to Chicago on an average 12,500 dead birds daily, making a total of 1,500,000 for the whole summer and 80,352 live birds shipped by rail alone. Add to these figures the numbers that were disposed of otherwise, the numbers of young which rotted in their nests, the parents having been caught and killed, and the total could not have been less than 1,000,000,000."

Again the reader is conscious of a pang of envy for a life so free and eventful as that once near us, and is ready to echo Thoreau's wish that his "neighbors were wilder." Suppose there were still a place within easy reach where any day one might see "a big bear, a panther, a lynx, a wild cat, a hungry wolf, or several of them," how much city folks might vary and enrich their lives, and "nature-alize" themselves by visits to such a spot!

Mr. McGaffey's little volume, "Outdoors," brings some comfort in the fact that there are still dramas in miniature played near at hand by creatures of our common experience. But unfortunately the newspaper sketches which compose the book present the man with the gun as the hero of most of these dramas, and game birds and the lesser animals as the victims. The writer is capable of better things; for in speaking of the winter woods he says: "The philosophy and inner revealments of snow-enveloped woods are not to be enjoyed with a gun. If you bring the gun along the hunter's instinct will urge you on, and some things will escape you." Why not apply this discovery to other seasons in the year, when the preponderance of things to see over those of winter is certainly as great as the preponderance of temptations to shoot? The advice to sportsmen which the book contains is not full enough or new enough to compensate for the disappointment this point of view causes the nature-lover. Nevertheless, Mr. McGaffey's appreciation of the background of these naturalistic plays in one act is so delicate and often so poetically worded as to gain him grateful acknowledgment. The marshes in April are to him an epitome of the year's loneliness, where "above the reeds there is a level sea of silence," broken occasionally when a lone teal scurries past, "the very sense of music in his flight, the least possible crisping of the air to mark his symmetrical course." An equally delicate sense of action against this background leads him to say of the flight of common birds that "observation and experience will give one the power to read the channels and winding aisles of light and air as a book's pages may be scanned," and that "bird-flight is the warp and woof of the seasons, spun in the wind's looms, visible as it passes, yet fading as it is seen." There is a quick sense of character, too, which promises well for what Mr. McGaffey will do when he ceases to write, as it were, gun in hand. From the woman who fishes "in a bewilderingly attractive costume that ought to reconcile the fish to their fate," to the woodchuck who sits on his burrow "ruminating on the perfidy of man," each actor that passes over the stage has suggestive possibilities.

The three books in our present group strikingly bring out the fact, pertinent to some current newspaper discussion, that the man who goes to the woods to learn gets more permanent value, both for himself and others, than the man who goes to hunt. The steel-cold click of the hunter's gun sounds in all his facts, because he has shown disrespect for the greatest fact of all — life. Even a little romancing is preferable to that. But there is no real danger of romancing,

either, when men like Professor Roberts write from life-long intimate knowledge, taking pains, as Mr. Roberts says he does, "to make the stories accord, as far as the facts of natural history are concerned, with the latest scientific information."

MAY ESTELLE COOK.

TRAVELS FAR AND NEAR.*

"With Fancy unfurled, I can go round the world by the old Marlboro road," boastfully sang Thoreau. With more truth the reader of books of travel can assert that he, with Fancy unfurled, with the spirit of the wandering foot and the devouring eye, can go round the world at his own fireside. In his imagination he may go out of his country and out of himself; he may climb mountains, cross deserts, visit Prester John's country, meet strange people, hunt savage animals, and saunter amid bewitching scenes, — do all these things without the discomforts and inconveniences that may weary the flesh in much actual travelling. For such travellers our present group of books offers an unusually attractive invitation to travel across four continents, to meet all sorts and conditions of men, and to see how the world wags beyond their own hearthstones. All of the volumes aim to combine entertainment with their varied store of information, and all have the added charm of illustrations.

One of the most fascinating books of travel which we have read in several years is entitled "The Desert and the Sown." The author, Miss Gertrude Lowthian Bell, made the trip through Syria, from Jerusalem to Alexandretta, and up into Asia Minor, alone save for her Arab attendants. Her volume recounts, however, only that part of her journey to Alexandretta along the

"Strip of herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sown."

As Miss Bell has an acute knowledge of the people and of their language, "the fine and subtle tongue, the Modern Syriac Arabic," obtained by previous travel and experience in the Moslem East, her book is more than the note-book of the casual traveller. She is not unmindful of the political conditions existing there under Turkish rule, and, being English, very serenely suggests that were Syria under British protection political matters there would be vastly bettered. Such, too, seems to be the opinion of the hard-pressed native. But interesting as the political gossip was to Miss Bell, she is manifestly more interested in the people, the sons of the desert, whom she met at their lowly occupations, at the market-place, and in their natural unspoilt diversions. To her, a camel-driver, an old sheikh, a water-seller, a market-place, a little-known temple, a far-from-the-path convent, a fragment of an entablature, an exchange of talk between herself and a native about some half-forgotten lore or ancient tradition of the desert, are more attractive than the affairs of nations, and even more enticing than the better-known places — Damascus, for instance, which she treats as a passing phase of desert travel less interesting than a native village. Page after page in the book offers tempting bits for quotation, some little scene that brings the heart of the desert home to the reader, — such a scene, for example, as a deal in corn between natives, where, "but for my incongruous presence, and the lapse of a few thousand years, they might have been the sons of Jacob come down into Egypt to bicker over the weight of sacks with their brother Joseph." Or, what is probably more uniquely pleasing in the book, we should like to quote, did our space permit, many pages of lively conversation held with the natives, pages that reveal the speaking Arab, such talk as one seldom finds in books of travel. But on the whole Miss Bell's book is too uniformly good to reveal much in a quotation; it must be read in its entirety to be appreciated. The author has made a distinct contribution to the literature of travel, and has put her name far up on the list of women who have written good travel-books.

Mr. Frederic Courtland Penfield's volume entitled "East of Suez," with the auxiliary notation, "Ceylon, India, China, and Japan," is a book of detached sketches, which treat of such varied topics as the Suez Canal, Pearl Fishing in the Gulf of Manar, Bombay, a visit to the palace of the Maharajah of Jeypore, a description of the Taj Mahal, Benares, Calcutta, Penang (the portal which separates "The East" from "The Far East"), Singapore, Hong Kong, Canton ("the most satisfying, fascinating, and puzzling city in the Orient, if not in the whole world"), Macao (the tiny Portuguese colony which plays the part of an Oriental Monte Carlo), Japan's Commercial Future, and the Kaiser's play for Chinese trade. These topics Mr. Penfield treats in a most entertaining manner; for he is gifted to an unusual degree with a discerning

* THE DESERT AND THE SOWN. By Gertrude Lowthian Bell. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

EAST OF SUEZ. By Frederic Courtland Penfield. Illustrated. New York: The Century Co.

UNDER THE SUN. By Perceval Landon. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

A VISION OF INDIA. By Sidney Low. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

UGANDA TO KHARTOUM. By Albert B. Lloyd. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA. By R. C. F. Maugham. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

WINGED WHEELS IN FRANCE. By Michael Myers Shoemaker. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE ITALIAN LAKES. By W. D. McCracken. Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

THROUGH PORTUGAL. By Martin Hume. Illustrated in color, etc. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

ON THE MEXICAN HIGHLANDS. By William Seymour Edwards. Illustrated. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham.

ON THE GREAT AMERICAN PLATEAU. By T. Mitchell Prudden. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THROUGH SAVAGE EUROPE. By Harry De Windt, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE LONG LABRADOR TRAIL. By Dillon Wallace. Illustrated in color, etc. New York: Outing Publishing Co.

eye, and has the happy faculty of enlivening his descriptions with a quickening humor and a sympathetic spirit. But the author prides himself more on the fact that his volume is a "purpose" book of travels, a "book of journeyings loaded with gentle preachment." The gist of his purpose lies in his plea for a judicious and systematic campaign on the part of our government and our commercial giants for a larger share in the trade of the world, for by this only can we hope to compete successfully with Germany and Japan for Oriental commerce, and, incidentally, to make our Panama Canal a formidable competitor with the Suez Canal.

"What the American, zigzagging up and down and across that boundless region spoken of as 'East of Suez,' fails to see is the product of Uncle Sam's mills, workshops, mines, and farms. From the moment he passes the Suez Canal to his arrival at Hong Kong or Yokohama, the Stars and Stripes are discovered in no harbor nor upon any sea; and maybe he sees the emblem of the great republic not once in the transit of the Pacific. And the products of our marvellous country are met but seldom, if at all, where the American wanders in the East. He is rewarded by finding that the light of Asia is American petroleum, but that is about the only Western commodity he is sure of encountering in months of travel."

This indictment, if it may be so called, is to be met, Mr. Penfield insists, by a radical liberalizing of our marine law; that is, our government must subsidize our merchant marine coincidently with the building of the Panama Canal. Then, and not until then, shall we be able to compete with the Kaiser, whom the author not infelicitously styles "Trade-Lord William." Lack of space precludes our giving an adequate discussion of the many excellent features of this notable book. Few books of travel lately written in this country excel it, and we predict it will be more than a book of an hour.

Mr. Perceval Landon's "Under the Sun," although a book about India, is by no means one of bald facts about that country. The author does not give a summary of mere historical data about the diverse social, political, and religious activities of India; he does not give the statistics of deaths from starvation, snake bites, and the ravages of wild animals; he makes no adventitious arguments concerning the conflicts between the native and the English governments; he does not concern himself unduly with the peculiar religious beliefs of the natives; and, finally, he boldly asserts that his book is not a record of the late tour of the Prince of Wales, nor is it in any sense a guide-book. It is intended rather for those who have already travelled in India, or who know India through an extended course of reading. Mr. Landon, whose knowledge of that country is based on a series of "annual wanderings" through it, purposes to indicate "the widely different local colour that distinguishes one Indian city from another," to make an impressionistic picture of Indian life and travel which will supplement the usual books of description and information. Many of his narratives of famous persons and events — like that which gives the hitherto incomplete story of Nana Sahib and the great Indian mutiny of just a half-century ago, and of Scindia, "the most remarkable character in all India," are of thrilling interest. The volume is handsomely illustrated and attractively printed.

A reader of Mr. Landon's book who fails to get a correct orientation of India and of its complex life may readily find his bearings by reading Mr. Sidney Low's "Vision of India." Mr. Low gathered his materials during the progress of the Prince and the Princess of Wales through India, on which occasion he was the special correspondent of a London journal. "It has been my aim," says Mr. Low, "to reproduce something of the impression which our vast and varied dominion of the East — almost a world in itself — leaves on the mind, in its splendour and its contradictions, its colour and its mystery, its wealth and its poverty, its medley of classes, creeds, and peoples: to hint at a few of the absorbing problems suggested by the contemplation of this strange and fascinating amalgam." The volume is a study in the contrasts between the Old and the New India — the India of the Native and of the English; of gold and rags; of places, sacred and profane; of the virtuous and the unvirtuous Maharajahs; of the old gods and the new spirit; of Siva and the locomotive engine; of Kali and modern electricity, and of the conflict between modern inventions in general and the ancient social and religious customs of the country. Out of this abundant material Mr. Low has written a book so profitably full and accurate, so acute in observation, and so enlivening, that it may be called a remarkably illuminating book about India. That it has received commendatory notice from such high authorities as Lord Curzon and Mr. John Morley speaks much for the author's qualities as an observer and writer.

Mr. Albert B. Lloyd has labored as a missionary for ten years in the northern and the western parts of the Uganda Protectorate in Africa, during which time he has had two furloughs to England, and on the occasion of each visit he has published a volume bearing on his life and work in Africa. His recent residence of five years was, for the most part, in the remote and little known Acholi country; and it is of this region that his volume entitled "Uganda to Khartoum" has to do. Although Mr. Lloyd's primary interest in Africa was his missionary work, an interest which is manifest everywhere in his writings, that feature does not overburden his volume. He is a missionary who takes out a big-game hunter's license, and who, moreover, bags his full quota of game both big and small, in order to feed the natives and to reduce his expense account as well. Few books describing sport in Africa contain more thrilling tales than this one. On his return trip to England, Mr. Lloyd passed down the Nile, a distance of 1150 miles, through the great marshes that drain the life-giving waters before they reach the Soudan. Sir William Gerstin's scheme of conserving the water by moving the whole of the Nile bed fifty or sixty miles to the east, to an entirely new channel more than two hundred miles long,

thereby turning the main stream away from the great sudd-covered marshes, will, according to Mr. Lloyd, make the Soudan a veritable garden-spot. Alike for readers interested in missionary work in Africa, and for those interested in it as a land of adventure, Mr. Lloyd's book will be satisfactory.

The book on "Portuguese East Africa," by Mr. R. C. F. Maugham, H. B. M. Consul for the districts of Mosambique and Zambesia, and for the territory of Manica and Sofala, sketches in an unusually entertaining and instructive way the history, scenery, big-game hunting, and native life, in the supposed legendary land of Ophir, the treasure-land of King Solomon. The opening chapters deal with the history of Portuguese colonization in East Africa and with the establishment of colonial government there under the guidance of the Mosambique Company — two items of interest that have hitherto received inadequate attention from writers on Africa. But the greater part of the book is concerned with big-game hunting in that district. As that part of Africa, before the disastrous visitation of the rinderpest in 1896, had more varieties and greater abundance of big game than did almost any other region, Mr. Maugham was fortunate in being able to explore it and hunt through it in its earlier state. As far as the natives are concerned, the author agrees with the local government in deploring the efforts of zealous Europeans to educate them above their rank. "The negro," argues the writer, "was sent into the world for an end, and for one end only — namely, manual labor." It must be a satisfaction to be thus in the Creator's confidence. Of the country itself, the author is of the opinion that when the demon of malaria is checked by making Europeans immune to its evil effects, then Portuguese East Africa, an exquisite fairy-like land, will offer one long round of interest and delight to visiting Europeans. As Mr. Maugham has more than ordinary skill in narration and description, his book will interest the casual as well as the confirmed reader of records of travel.

In his trips to various corners of the earth, Mr. Michael Myers Shoemaker has been accustomed to travelling in a rather leisurely manner; but in his latest book, "Winged Wheels in France," he whisks us through a five thousand mile journey in a twenty-four horse-power motor-car at the rate of forty-five miles an hour. We begin our trip with him at Nice, and go through Provence to Aix, where we catch a glimpse of the castle and the story of King René, thence to Arles, Narbonne, Carcassonne, Lourdes (the city of miracles), Pau, and on to restful Birratz before we go speeding into Spain. From Spain we run into central France in search of the unique and the fantastic. Touraine, Anjou, Brittany, Normandy, Picardy, come in quick succession; and finally Paris is reached, a city where an automobile is more of a necessity than a luxury for one who wishes to explore the environs of the city. We glide from France through the mountains of the Vosges into the Rhine Valley, over the Col de la Schlucht to Freiburg, to the Black Forest, thence into Switzerland, to Geneva, and finally to Aix-les-Bains, where we finish our delightful but breath-taking journey with Mr. Shoemaker. He is always interesting and entertaining in his books, but we prefer him when he travels at more leisure than the motor-car permits. The volume is pleasantly written and admirably illustrated.

A very readable and not unprofitable book is Mr. W. D. McCrackan's "The Italian Lakes." The author informs us, in his sub-title, that his volume is the "record of pilgrimages to familar and unfamiliar places of the 'lakes of azure, lakes of leisure,' together with a description of their quaint towns and villa gardens and the treasures of their art and history." He takes us in leisurely fashion from Pallanza to Solferino and among the famous lakes, sketching the varied scenery of Lake Como, the seclusion of the lake of Iseo, the charms of Maggiore, the emerald recesses of Lugano, and the special attractions of all the sub-Alpine lakes both large and small. In the background of his sketches the author traces the human interest which has enlivened the history of the region; we feel the presences of Virgil, Dante, Catullus, Garibaldi, Mazzini, Cavour, Goethe, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Ruskin, Manzoni, Stoppani, Donizetti, and other famous personages whose names are associated with the Italian lakes. To some of the commoner and more modern themes, — such as the quaint costumes of the Brianza peasant women, the silk-worm culture, lemon culture, etc., — the author gives due consideration. While in no sense a guide-book, this little volume will be very acceptable to travellers intending to visit any of the Italian lakes.

After taking many incurious glances at Portugal on his various flittings through that country, Mr. Martin Hume determined to overcome his ingrained prejudices against the "Garden by the Sea" by seeking a more intimate knowledge of the land and of the people. His volume entitled "Through Portugal" is, he tells us, "a self-prescribed penance for my former injustice toward the most beautiful country and the most unspoilt and courteous peasantry in Southern Europe"; and his sojourn in the land of which he writes was "a continual and unadulterated delight from beginning to end, bringing refreshment and renewed vigor of soul, mind, and body, opening to my eyes, though they had seen much of the world, prospects of beauty unsurpassed in my experience, and revealing objects of antiquarian and artistic interest unsuspected by those to whom the attractions of the regular round of European travel have grown flat and familiar." Whatever Mr. Hume describes in and about Oporto, Bussaco, Coimbra, Alcobaça, Cintra, Lisbon, or places of lesser note, is done with a well-considered and creditable enthusiasm, and in an unusually graceful style. The publishers have added to the writer's stimulating descriptions a goodly number of pleasing color-prints that contribute much to the attractiveness of the volume.

Mr. William Seymour Edwards, in his book entitled "In the Mexican Highlands," tells about his trip into the mountain regions of Mexico, and also gives flashlight glimpses of New Orleans, Vera Cruz, and Havana. His book is enlivened with pictures of wayside scenes, theatres, cafés, a bull-fight, a trip to the Mexican mines, and other odds and ends in the life of our neighbors over the southern border and in Cuba. The Mexicans struck him as intelligent and progressive, both in affairs of government and business. The Cubans impressed him as being over-zealous in their desire for liberty, — in fact, as somewhat revolutionary in disposition against our paternal government.

Few regions of the world have more wonderfully picturesque and romantic scenery to offer to the traveller than has the southwestern part of the United States, in the vicinity of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. It is of this region, with its matchless vision of natural beauty, its prehistoric ruins, and its unique present-day cliff-dwellers, that Dr. T. Mitchell Prudden writes in his readable little volume entitled "On the Great American Plateau." As befits such a land, Dr. Prudden's methods of travelling are of the leisurely sort, — with his own pack-train and camp equipment. Incidentally in his book he makes a vigorous plea for the protection of the natives, for the careful gathering of their legends, and for the stopping of the unbridled vandalism which is fast devastating the ruins of the ancient cliff-dwellers. Only too soon, the author assures us, will the natives cease sending messages to the gods by rattlesnakes, if some adequate protection is not provided against the onslaught of semi-civilization with its attendant evils. Dr. Prudden's style is notably vigorous and enthusiastic.

Mr. Harry De Windt, the experienced traveller and well-known author of many readable books of travel, journeyed as a newspaper correspondent through Montenegro, Herzegovina, Bosnia, Servia, Bulgaria, Roumania, Southern Russia, and the Caucasus, in the order named. He recounts his trip and records his observations in the volume entitled "Through Savage Europe," the title accurately describing the "wild and lawless countries between the Adriatic and Black Seas." Montenegro, says the author, has the advantage of a good ruler in Prince Nicholas; Herzegovina and Bosnia prosper under Austrian rule; Servia, to which a major part of the book is devoted, attempts to rule itself with but little success. Mr. De Windt takes particular pains to have the reader understand that King Peter of Servia should be back in Paris playing the part of a *boulevardier* rather than attempting to fill the throne of Servia, and that the murdered King Alexander was a man competent to rule so volatile a people. For the regicides — the author unknowingly was entertained by one of them — he has the utmost contempt. Bulgaria, which Mr. De Windt well calls "the land of unrest," impressed him as a factor to be weighed when considering Balkan matters. Very fittingly, Mr. De Windt's interesting book ends with his trip into Russia, where he saw the red flag of anarchy wave in the riot at Odessa. The distinctive merit of this book lies in the fact that the author visited these same countries a generation ago, and consequently is competent to gauge the various lines of progress made in these ever-changing hot-beds of European discord.

No story in the history of modern exploration is more pathetic than that of the death of Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., in the forsaken and dead land of Labrador. In the summer of 1903 an expedition led by Hubbard attempted to reach Lake Michikamau by ascending the Nascaupee River, but, missing their route, the party wandered about for two months without reaching the lake. On the return journey, Hubbard died of starvation, leaving his two companions, Mr. Dillon Wallace and a half-breed Indian, to struggle back to civilization. Of that disastrous expedition Mr. Wallace has written in another volume. In his present book, entitled "The Long Labrador Trail," Mr. Wallace tells how he fulfilled the compact with Hubbard "that in case one of us fall the other would carry to completion the exploratory work that he had planned and begun." To trace Mr. Wallace's route through the waste lands of Labrador would serve but in a small way to indicate the valuable account of his heroic endeavor to fulfil the wish of his friend. His party reached the sought-for lake, where, on account of the short food supply, all of its members save the author and a companion returned home; the advance party, however, penetrated Labrador, reaching Fort Chimo, and finally returned in mid-winter to Hamilton Inlet, after a journey with dogs, komatik, and snow-shoes, of two thousand miles. Few readers of Mr. Wallace's volume will be interested in the scientific data gathered by the party, but none can fail to enjoy the author's account of his expedition, and to applaud the noble incentive that led him to return to bleak Labrador to carry out the plans of his former companion.

H. E. Coblentz.

Mr. Andrew Lang's praise of Professor Raleigh is whole-hearted, and in striking contrast with certain other critics' dispraise of the accomplished author of the latest Shakespeare biography and study. "This work," writes Mr. Lang, "is one of the series of English Men of Letters, but it shines among the others like the moon among the stars. Mr. Raleigh has little to say about Sidney Lee, nothing about Miss Corelli, nothing about the gifted Bacon. His theme is the poet Shakespeare; the poet rather than the man, though the man, too, is happily adumbrated, on the evidence of his works, and of tradition. The book is a delightful treatise on poetry, with no pryings about Mr. W. H., and no pedantries about anything. . . . Mr. Raleigh must be an unique professor of English literature!" Few indeed are the teachers of English literature who are so peculiarly fitted for their task (though *task* is the wrong word) as to deserve no part of the censure implied in Leslie Stephen's ascription of his early interest in his country's classics to the fact that, in his college days, English studies had not gained admission to the curriculum.

Recent Fiction.*

When "Joseph Vance" swam into the ken of novel-readers a few months ago there were many of us who felt that we could realize for the first time in our own experience what it was to have lived in the days of "Pickwick" and "Pendennis." It was far and away the best novel of the year, and of many years; its excellence, moreover, was of the specific sort that is associated with the Mid-Victorian age of fiction rather than of the sort to which the popular modern novelist aspires. It was evident that the author was a man steeped in the best traditions of the older fiction, though none the less a man now living in the twentieth century and responsive to the currents of its thought. His advanced age was sufficient to account for this phenomenon; but nothing short of native genius could account for the rich geniality of this first product of a septuagenarian. Mr. De Morgan's second novel, now following fast upon the heels of its predecessor, proves to be a work no less remarkable, and one equally productive of almost unalloyed delight. It is also a work of the same soul-satisfying length, and the reader who has acquired in self-defence the habit of rapid reading is hereby warned that if he skims "Alice-for-Short" it will be to his own serious loss. To emphasize the metaphor, we will say that the cream reaches to the dregs, and is not the superimposed covering of a sub-stratum of watery fluid. We make the acquaintance of Alice at the age of six, and her story, in one sense, is of the simplest. The child of a drunken couple, caretakers of a decayed Soho house that was once a mansion and now provides quarters for artist folk and tradesmen, she makes her entry upon the scene as the central figure in a *cruche cassée* episode, which brings her to the attention of the "first floor," who has hitherto ignored both her existence and that of the "extensive basement with cellarage," which is her home. In other words, she drops the jug of beer which she is fetching from the public house, and is consoled in her plight by Mr. Charles Heath, amateur artist, who inhabits a "studio" in the Soho house The young man in question (and this is much to the point) is the son of well-to-do parents who live in Hyde Park Gardens, and who, contrary to all traditions, countenance and even encourage their son in his misguided ambition. Presently, the child's parents engage in a drunken quarrel which ends disastrously to both. The man deals his wife a murderous blow with the first convenient implement (which chances to be a hammer), and then, realizing what he has done, ends his own life with a dose of cyanide. This makes an orphan of Alice, and her "first floor" friend and protector sees nothing for it but to take the child to his own home and turn her over to his adored and adorable sister. In her new environment, the child occupies a tentative status for a while, but proves so winning that she soon becomes a permanent fixture in the household. During the ensuing two years, the adorable sister meets and weds a rising young physician, and her brother, enticed into the web of a young woman of dubious extraction (just then serving him as a model), rashly makes her his wife. At this juncture, sixteen years are permitted to elapse, and when we have recovered from the bewilderment occasioned by the leap, we learn that the young physician has become a famous alienist and a leader of his profession, that Charles has discovered his mistake and divorced his faithless wife, and that Alice has grown up to be just what we have a right to expect — one of the most lovable creatures to whom a novelist ever gave the breath of life. Of course Charles and Alice are meant for one another, but each is so absurdly afraid that the other's motive would be self-sacrifice rather than the love that ought to bind husband and wife that it is a long while before the critical moment is reached when their mutual devotion of friendship is discovered to be inadequate, and their relation becomes what it should have been long before. Thus the story, after much delay (against which protest would be ungrateful indeed), ends happily. But although the above is its essential outline, a good half of the story is as yet unsketched. The title-page describes it as "a dichronism," and thereby hangs another aspect of the tale. The old Soho house has a past, a past compounded of love and hatred and grim tragedy, and remotely related to Alice herself. Glimpses of this past are vouchsafed us during the years of Alice's childhood. A mysterious jewelled ring is discovered, some old portraits offer elusive hints, several ghosts make casual appearances in the house, and the skeleton of a murdered woman is disinterred in the cellar. No solution of these mysteries is offered until many years afterwards, when they are half-forgotten, and then, by means of recovered

* Alice-for-Short. A Dichronism. By William De Morgan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The Whirlwind. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

Running Water. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: The Century Co.

The Long Road. By John Oxenham. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Poison Island. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Diamond Ship. By Max Pemberton. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Kinsman. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Sir Elyot of the Woods. By Emma Brooke. New York: Duffield & Co.

A Winged Victory. By R. M. Lovett. New York: Duffield & Co.

Prisoners of Fortune. By Ruel Perley Smith. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Sampson Rock of Wall Street. By Edwin Lefèvre. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Kingmakers. By Armiger Barclay. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

In the Cause of Freedom. By Arthur W. Marchmont. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The Castle of Doubt. By John H. Whitson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

A Modern Madonna. By Caroline Abbott Stanley. New York: The Century Co.

The Price of Silence. By M. E. M. Davis. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

documents, and particularly by the revelations of an old woman, restored to sanity by an operation after sixty years of aphasia as an inmate of Bedlam, the whole complication is pieced together, and we get a fairly connected history, stretching back as far as the early eighteenth century, and involving the fortunes of Alice's forbears. It makes a story of extraordinary interest, although its demands upon the constructive imagination are severe. And we cannot quite forgive the author for his ghosts, which are not really needed, and which are left unrationalized — just ghosts and nothing more. A carping critic might possibly find further causes for offence in the overplus of sentimentality which marks the book, and in the garrulity of its narration, for the writer, after the manner of his compeers from Fielding to Thackeray, cares little for the details of construction, and makes any kind of an excursus whenever he pleases, discoursing easily upon art and human nature to the impediment of all orderly progress. But only a crabbed partisan of the formal could place his hand upon his heart and sincerely aver that he would willingly spare any of these irrelevancies. They add salt and savour to a novel which even without them would be reckoned a remarkable example of the art of fiction at its noblest. Finally, we may make a suggestion that has delightful possibilities. "Joseph Vance" and "Alice-for-Short" are novels containing each something like a quarter of a million words. Such books are in one sense the products of a lifetime, and even in the most literal sense are not written in a day or a year. May it not be that their author has been writing books of this kind for longer than we fancy, and that he has stores of accumulated manuscript that may yet see the light?

After his luckless collaborative excursion into the fields of detective mystery and treasure-seeking, Mr. Phillpotts has found his way back to his native heath — or rather moor — and once more gives us a tale of the rustics whom he knows so well. "The Whirlwind" is a tragedy of elemental passion, worked out in the lives of a man and a woman of primitive instincts. Both are of lowly birth and without education; the man is in addition a sort of religious fanatic. The tragedy is of the David and Uriah type, the part of David being taken by the farmer who employs Daniel Brendon and his wife. His sin is soon followed by repentance, and even by religious conversion, but knowledge of the woman's lapse from virtue has accidentally come into the possession of a former suitor for her hand, who bides his time, and plans a dramatic revenge. When Daniel's eyes are opened at last, he "sees red," and starts on the warpath. His vengeance is balked by the natural death of the betrayer and the suicide of the faithless wife. He then joins the Salvation Army, and the story ends. It is a story told with all the sombre power which we are wont to expect of its author, and the severity of its tragic outline is somewhat softened by the scenes which portray the homely psychology and the rustic wit of the Dartmoor peasantry. It is a story that more than ever makes us feel that Mr. Hardy has found a worthy successor.

Sylvia Thesiger was born in an English country town, and the liquid music of the neighboring mill stream was so wrought into the consciousness of her childhood that she ever afterwards dreamed of running water. This pretty fancy suggested to Mr. A. E. W. Mason a title for his story of Sylvia's life, and so he named the book "Running Water." Her father had been a famous Alpinist in his younger days, but certain unfortunate happenings had forced him, long before the story opens, to abandon his favorite pastime, and even to change his name. He had, in short, been convicted of crime, and was doomed to a term of imprisonment. Thereupon his wife, a selfish and frivolous person, had left him, taking with her the child Sylvia, who has grown up with no knowledge of her father beyond a shadowy notion that he is living somewhere in London. The passion for the mountains is in her blood, and we make her acquaintance at Chamounix, where her mother's nomadic life has brought her, and where she is about to make her first ascent. This expedition brings her into contact with a young Englishman, also a lover of the Alps, and a seasoned climber. The combined influences of the man and the mountain bring upon her an emotional crisis, and she forms a great resolution. A continuance of the life she has been leading becomes intolerable, and she determines to leave her mother, and seek a home with her unknown father. After joining him in his London house, and incidentally taking him greatly by surprise, she discovers him to be a very shady character, who makes a precarious living by his wits at the expense of whatever gullible victims come within his reach. The developments of the narrative from this point are very ingenious and interesting. She finds herself at times in positions both questionable and dangerous, but with the aid of the Englishman who has befriended her in the opening chapters, and who becomes her declared lover, she averts the perils that threaten her, and even exerts a softening influence upon her father's criminal character. The story ends, as it began, in the Alps, with an exciting expedition over a dangerous pass, and a semi-tragic situation that keeps us in breathless suspense for a time. These elements of human and natural interest combine to make a tale of singular fascination, over which the mountain glamour is cast with such compelling effect that it acts as a shaping influence upon the lives of all the persons chiefly concerned.

A sad and simple story of bleak Siberia, almost unbearable in the intensity of its tragic pathos, is called "The Long Road," and is the work of Mr. John Oxenham. It opens with the long march of a band of exiles, and deals with the fortunes of Stepan Iline — a child when the tale begins, but soon thereafter a man, sober and thrifty of life, happily married, and blessed with children. In an evil hour, Stepan incurs the enmity of the brutal governor of

the province, who devises for him a punishment of ingenious cruelty. Expelled from the province of Irkutsk, this victim of tyranny is permitted to travel elsewhere in Siberia at his will, but is forbidden to remain longer than ten days in any one place. Thus driven from his home, Stepan constructs a sort of house-wagon, and, taking with him wife and children, becomes an itinerant peddler. To the hardships of this existence are sacrificed one by one his wife and his two children, leaving him with nothing to live for but the burning hope of revenge upon the wanton author of his miseries. For years he seeks the opportunity to strike, and at last his enemy lies within his power. But the sight of his enemy's child, a little girl strangely like the one he himself mourns, softens his heart, and by an almost superhuman effort he foregoes his cherished revenge. The rest of the book recounts endless wanderings, and the gradual thawing in his breast of feelings long congealed; he finds in service to his fellows a kind of solace for the grief that ever grows older, and dies beloved by the simple folk whom he has helped during the closing years of his pilgrimage. The story is deeply moving, and is related with knowledge of the life depicted and a rare degree of artistic restraint.

"Poison Island" is a romance compounded of familiar ingredients. In a general way, it strongly suggests "Treasure Island," while, to be more specific, Mr. Quiller-Couch has permitted himself the employment of certain devices that he has used before to humorous effect — the elderly dame who writes atrocious verses, and the strangely assorted company who set out upon the expedition which is the *raison d'être* of the story. The scene is Falmouth and its neighborhood, and the time that of the closing period of the Napoleonic wars. There is, of course, an ancient mariner with a mysterious past, and equally of course, a chart to indicate the location of the treasure. The actual expedition in search thereof occupies only about a third of the narrative, being preceded by an account of the youthful hero's schooldays, and by various fantastic happenings. The author's happy faculty for sketching eccentric types of character is exhibited at his best, and we thoroughly enjoy the quaint company that he provides for us. When the island is reached (in the Bay of Honduras), it is found to be inhabited by a singular old gentleman whose chief delight is in the reception of treasure-seekers. He has the amiable habit of luring them on by smooth words, and of poisoning them just as their quest is about to be crowned with success. In the present case, however, he relents, and concludes to poison himself instead, leaving the treasure-seekers in possession.

"The Diamond Ship" is just the sort of story we expect from Mr. Max Pemberton, but is rather above the average of his later work. It escapes his besetting tendency to be over-fantastic, and tells a reasonably straightforward tale of villainy unearthed and virtue rewarded. It is, of course, cheaply melodramatic throughout, but the excitement is well-contrived. It is about a gang of international thieves, who make jewels their specialty, and who have for their rendezvous a pirate ship drifting idly about the South Atlantic, far from the track of travel. A determined Englishman, with the aid of an agreeably exaggerated Irishman, conceives it to be his special mission to destroy this band of outlaws, and put the "diamond ship" out of commission. He is spurred to his best efforts by the fact that they have a young woman, with whom he has fallen in love, in their clutches. Before the *dénouement* is reached, there is abundant action, on sea and shore, and exciting adventures follow one another fast enough to keep the most practised reader breathless in his endeavor to keep up with them.

Roger Blois is a young Australian of wealth and cultivation, who comes to England to make the acquaintance of his kinsfolk. He is the prospective heir of Colonel Blois, an English country gentleman, whose daughter he is destined to marry. Soon after his arrival, and before he has introduced himself to his relatives, he is brought accidentally into contact with one Herbert Gammage (also a relative, although a distant one), whose exact counterpart he is in form and feature. The resemblance is only superficial, for Gammage is a flabby and vulgar creature, just then very much down on his luck. This acquaintance is formed at a sea-coast village, and Roger goes out for a swim. An hour or two later, Gammage discovers his clothes, hastily infers that he is drowned, and has the brilliant inspiration to don the garments, leaving his own in exchange. The next step is to take possession of Roger's belongings at the hotel, examine his papers, and fit himself for his new part. Learning from a letter of invitation that Colonel Blois expects his Australian kinsman in a few days, the imposter presents himself at the appointed time, and his manners, which are very surprising indeed, are charitably accounted for by his Australian upbringing. In the meantime, Roger, who has been rescued in a somewhat battered condition, is taken to the neighboring farmhouse which Gammage has been visiting, and there, despite his protestations, he is held to be Gammage in fact, and his notion that he is someone else is treated as a phenomenon of the mental derangement from which he is supposed to be suffering. This complication ties him up for some time, which gives the imposter so much leeway. In the end, of course, Roger escapes, establishes his identity, startles Gammage by his reappearance, and marries the young woman. All of which makes Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick's story of "The Kinsman" an exceptionally bright and entertaining work of fiction.

Sir Elyot Ingall, upon his father's death, finds himself the heir to a distinguished name, a large county estate, and a burden of debt so heavy that title and manor seem little more than a mockery. But the young man has stuff in him, and at once plans for himself a life of industry and economy that, he has reason to hope, will clear the estate in the course of a score of years. He might relieve

his necessities by selling his timber, but he has a passionate love for the ancient woods that have become his property, and a deep conviction that a possession of this sort is a sacred trust rather than a merely personal appanage. Even more than his own trees, he loves the Dower Woods, a neighboring forest (once a part of the ancestral estate), now in the ownership of a neighbor who shares to the full his feeling concerning such possessions. At this point of our outline, the heroine must be introduced. She is the oldest of seven children, whose parents have some pretensions to gentility, but who lead a poverty-stricken existence in a cheap house on the fringe of the metropolis. Her beauty is of the appealing sort, even to the cold-blooded reader; in Sir Elyot, when chance (aided by design) brings them together, she awakens the deepest of romantic passions. Their engagement follows, although there is no prospect of anything more than an engagement for many years. Meanwhile the owner of the Dower Woods determines to leave it to his young friend, in whose hands he knows it will be safe from the axe. But he has been so charmed by the heroine that he is half inclined to leave it to her instead of to her prospective husband. In his indecision, he prepares two wills, but, being persuaded by his lawyer that it would be unwise to make the bequest in that indirect fashion, is about to destroy the will drawn in favor of the heroine, when he dies unexpectedly. After his death, this will alone is found, and of the other no trace can be discovered. Then Sir Elyot, knowing nothing of either will, goes to America to remain two or three years. During his absence, his betrothed is informed of her ownership of the Dower Woods, and her essentially shallow and pleasure-loving nature can see in this accession of fortune nothing more than the opportunity of gratifying her longings for luxury. She secretly arranges to have the timber cut, and with the proceeds enters upon the career of a woman of fashion. When Elyot returns, he discovers with horror the devastation, and later, with far greater horror, that the woman he has loved is the one who has dealt him this blow. The shock of the discovery kills his love for her, and almost kills him in the literal sense. The other will turns up after a while, and the hideous work of the axeman is stopped, but only after irreparable injury has been done to one of the most beautiful bits of woodland nature in England. The story closes with the heroine's marriage to a "bounder" who has pursued her for years, with the rehabilitation of Elyot's fortunes and his union with the vicar's daughter (whom we have known all the time to be the right woman), and with their joint resolution to devote the rest of their lives to restoring, as far as may be possible, the ravaged forest. On its merely human side, this is a singularly impressive and well-managed story; to the lovers of trees, who can share in Elyot's passion, it is an inexpressibly poignant tragedy. It is entitled "Sir Elyot of the Woods." The author, Miss Emma Frances Brooke, is a Newnham College woman and a Fabian socialist, who has been writing novels for a dozen years or more, but is comparatively unknown to American readers.

Mr. Robert Morss Lovett's second novel, "A Wingèd Victory," is the story of a self-sacrificing girl, in whom the desire to be serviceable is instinctive, and who, under conditions that would have been discouraging to anyone less stout of heart and cheerful of soul, shapes for herself a successful career of usefulness. Her devotion is lavished successively upon a baby brother, who dies at an early age, a selfish and worldly sister, who is adopted by a wealthy relative, and upon a somewhat disreputable father, who is distinguished by a bent for philosophical conversation and a disinclination to work for an honest living. When the heroine goes to college, which a lucky windfall enables her to do, she finds a new object of devotion in a fellow-student who poses as an unrecognized genius, and who is in reality a cub, weak, selfish, and conceited. The two are thrown together both in school and in settlement work, and the girl finally marries him, mistaking for love her pity for his weakness. This leads to much wretchedness, but he has the grace to end his existence after a while, leaving his widow free to marry the man who was obviously destined for her. The story is, for the most part, one of college life, the college in question being a sort of composite of the three situated in and near Chicago. The story is interesting and cleverly wrought, but is marred by a vein of the sort of sentimentalism that affects the modern amateur sociologist, and by a false sense of values in the social life of the college community. The author seems also to be deficient in the power of consistent characterization, and leaves us considerably in doubt as to what he would have us think of most of the persons who figure in his novel.

A good old-fashioned story of Massachusetts Bay in the days of Cotton Mather, a story told with the affected garrulity of reminiscent old age, may be found in Mr. Ruel Perley Smith's "Prisoners of Fortune." It is mainly a story about pirates and hidden treasure, for pirates were very real in those days, and they undoubtedly hid a good deal of treasure, although for the most part so effectively that no one has been able to find it since. But the Boston lad who is the hero of this romance finds the private hoard as a matter of course, and rescues the distressed heroine — who is a sort of New England Lorna Doone — from the villainous gang who have held her in durance.

Virginia Central is the subject of focal interest in Mr. Lefèvre's "Sampson Rock of Wall Street." The name, as may be surmised, is that of a railway and not of a young woman. There is a young woman concealed somewhere within the intricate mesh of the narrative, but she is not a real person, and hence does n't count. Sampson Rock is a magnate who has acquired millions by manipulation of the stock market. He plans to acquire further millions by depressing V. C. stock, buying control at bargain prices, and then selling the road to

another which he already controls. The ingenious and subtle procedure whereby he expects to accomplish his purpose is explained with much particularity, and the reader is never taken for very long or very far from the sound of the ticker. Now Sampson Rock has a son, his namesake, familiarly known as Sammy, and this hopeful youth, having made the grand tour, returns to New York and enters his father's office. When he learns of the buccaneering enterprise directed against Virginia Central, he evolves an ingenious little scheme of his own, which is no other than that of acquiring the control for himself. Presently, the old man discovers that some unknown operator is putting a spoke in his wheel, and in consequence thereof the stock rises at the wrong time. This very nearly brings Sampson face to face with ruin, when Sammy shows his hand, and the father's feelings are divided between chagrin at his own discomforture and admiration of the unsuspected "business" capacities of the son. It makes a fairly interesting story upon a subject that is essentially devoid of any vital human interest. No question of morality ever seems to enter the head of any of the persons concerned.

No review of a season's fiction would be complete without mention of at least one romance of the "Zenda" sort. Our present instance is "The Kingmakers," by Mr. Armiger Barclay. The Kingdom of Sergia is, like all the others, torn by dynastic intrigue, and in danger of falling prey to the Russian bear. When the rightful sovereign has won his kingdom, he should by rights have been wedded to his royal cousin, but has already pledged himself to an English girl, while the cousin has given her heart to an Irish suitor. At this juncture, a bit of folk-lore is very neatly worked in, and the Sergians are reconciled to the acceptance of a foreign queen because she seems to realize the fulfillment of an omen which means much to their superstitious natures. This smoothes away the difficulties that beset the other pair of perplexed lovers, and sentiment receives the full measure of its dues. This romance is differentiated from others of its class by the fact that the action, until very near the end, takes place in England, where the whole plot is hatched, and the sinews of war are provided. As long as invention can produce stories as good as this, we shall not greatly object to them on the score of being mere variants upon a well-worn theme.

A dashing story of adventure in the Empire of the Tsar is given us by Mr. Arthur W. Marchmont, with "In the Cause of Freedom" for a title. A travelling Englishman comes upon a Polish maiden, in the company of a notorious conspirator, both pursued by the police, in a village of Russian Poland. The conspirator is dispatched early in the game, and the maiden is left on the Englishman's hands. Being high-spirited and impressionable, the Englishman is nothing loth to accept the charge, and the pair lead the police a merry chase all the way to Warsaw, where the action culminates in street riots and other forms of excitement.

Louis Armitage, an instructor in a Philadelphia school, is in New York for a vacation, and is taking the air in Central Park. He is suddenly hailed by a young woman in a passing carriage, who calls him Julian, and insists upon his coming home with her. During the drive, he is informed that he is her long-lost husband, supposed to be dead. Denial proves useless, and the situation proves so pleasant to the man, especially when he discovers the luxurious nature of his new existence, that after some feeble searchings of conscience, he falls into the part that a bizarre fate seems to have assigned him, and plays it for all it is worth. He is especially inspired to persist when he discovers that the woman who claims him (and with whom by this time he is wildly in love) has fallen into the clutches of an unscrupulous lawyer, who is enriching himself at her expense. At least, he will countenance the deception until he has unmasked the villain. But the villain has a little unmasking game of his own, for he soon suspects Louis to be an impostor, and takes measures for his arrest. Then follows a hasty flight from New York, in company with his recently acquired wife, on their private yacht. Detectives pursue them, and finally the wife seems to be convinced that the man is not Julian after all, whereupon she leaves him stranded. This is a great shock to him, so great, indeed, that it suddenly awakens dormant memories, and he realizes that he is Julian in fact, and that as Louis he has simply been a sufferer from dual personality. Moreover, his wife (who is really his wife) had been sure of it all the time, and had planned the shock (under the advice of an alienist) for the express purpose of reviving his lapsed memory. It is not often that a novel has as unexpected a *denouement* as this, and the writer has displayed no little ingenuity in sustaining the mystification until he is ready to clear it away. "The Castle of Doubt" is the name of this entertaining fabrication, which is the work of Mr. John H. Whitson.

Miss Stanley's "A Modern Madonna" is, in its outline, the familiar story of the woman who marries a man for his showy qualities and social position, without any serious effort to sound his character, and who soon thereafter learns that his love is a superficial and evanescent affair. When she discovers, early in the narrative, that he is no more than a shallow and impulsive creature, and faithless into the bargain, she separates herself from him. The scene of the novel is Washington, and the rejected husband, taking advantage of a law that formerly disgraced the statute-book of the District, makes a will removing their child from the custody of the mother, and placing it in the hands of his elder brother, a soured person who disapproved of the marriage, and who regards all women with suspicion. Presently the husband is murdered by a woman whom he has betrayed, and the circumstances of the crime are such as to make the brother believe that the wife is the guilty person. Acting upon this conviction, he insists upon taking possession of the child, and, the law having ruled in his

favor, the mother is forced to take flight with her offspring. For several years she eludes pursuit, but finally the detectives discover her hiding-place, seize the child, and put it in the hands of its lawful guardian. In the end, the truth of the murder comes out, the fact of the mother's innocence is established in the mind of the only man who has ever doubted it, and the outcome of the whole complication is that the mother marries the man whom she has hitherto most hated, while he, filled with remorse for the consequences of his error, seeks, by the depth of his newly-awakened love, to atone for the wrong he has done the suffering woman. A large section of the story is devoted to an account of a political agitation for the repeal of the statute which has in this instance abetted so wicked a wrong. In this aspect, the book degenerates into a piece of pamphleteering, and suffers correspondingly as a work of art. But it is, on the whole, a strong novel, exhibiting variety of incident, depth of feeling, and a genuine gift of characterization.

A delightful story of the South, a story of comparatively recent years, although rooted in an episode of the Federal occupation of New Orleans during the Civil War, is told in "The Price of Silence," from the accomplished pen of Mrs. M. E. M. Davis. The heroine belongs to an exclusive old family of the French Quarter, but there is a supposed blot upon her birth. A document is in existence which seems to indicate that the most terrible of all disgraces (from the distorted Southern point of view) is hers; in other words, that there is a slight infusion of negro blood in her veins. This document is stolen by Butler's provost officer in the sixties, and in the eighties, when the story proper begins, is in the possession of a son of that officer, an unscrupulous scoundrel who has somehow secured an entrance into New Orleans society, and who uses his knowledge to blackmail the girl's family, and to force the girl herself into marriage with him. Meanwhile, the right sort of hero makes his appearance, foils the villain, disproves the dark imputation upon the girl's lineage, does pretty nearly everything else that a truly devoted hero ought to do, and at last wins the heroine. The story is told with unfailing animation, and pictures with great fidelity the traits of the old French society now rapidly passing from view as a distinctive element in the life of the ancient city of Bienville.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

THE "Pocket Book of Poems and Songs for the Open Air" (Dutton), compiled by Mr. Edward Thomas, is one of those anthologies, so numerous of late, which find their pattern in Mr. Lucas's "The Open Road." The inclusion of some sixty old English songs and ballads, with the original musical scores, is a unique feature of considerable interest. Colored end-papers, showing inside and outside views of the "Red Lion" inn, are supplied by Mr. William Hyde. The wayfarer in whose wallet this pretty volume finds place will not lack for entertainment along the road.

NOTES.

Some *pages choisies* from the "Caractères" of La Bruyère, with a preface by M. Augustin Filon, is published by the Messrs. Putnam in their charming series of "Classiques Français."

The manuscript of Mr. George Willis Cooke's Bibliography of Ralph Waldo Emerson has been received by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and will be issued by them in the fall as one of their series of bibliographies of American authors.

Two more volumes of the "Men of the Kingdom" biographies have been sent us by Messrs. Jennings & Graham. Mr. George S. Innis writes of "Wycliffe: The Morning Star," and Mr. William H. Crawford of "Savonarola: The Prophet."

Mr. Frank Mathew's volume on Ireland, published two years ago in Macmillan's "color book" series, is now reissued in cheaper form, with thirty-two of Mr. Francis S. Walker's beautiful illustrations in color retained out of seventy-nine in the original edition.

"A Book of the Pyrenees," by Mr. S. Baring-Gould, is essentially a guide-book, but one that is readable as well as practically helpful. It combines much history and geography with its detailed information for tourist use, and has twenty-five photographic views by way of illustration.

The William R. Jenkins Co. have been of late years the publishers of "The Complete Pocket-Guide to Europe," a small manual originally planned by Messrs. E. C. and T. L. Stedman, and long favorably known to tourists. It now comes to us in its new annual edition, carefully revised to date.

A timely and attractive publication of Mr. Robert Grier Cooke is the quarto volume containing reproductions of twenty-four drawings in color by Miss Rosina C. Boardman depicting some interesting members of the lily and orchid families. Brief descriptions, untechnical in form, of the species shown in the plates and a number of others are included by way of text.

"A Source Book of Greek History," by Dr. Fred Morrow Fling, is published by Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co. It covers the period from the Homeric age to the Achæan League, and is provided with many illustrations. Each chapter has a useful set of suggestive questions and exercises. Altogether, it is a work of a helpful and needed sort, particularly well edited.

The latest series of standard works in convenient form is the "Pocket Library" of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. Four volumes have so far reached us, comprising Cardinal Newman's "Apologia pro Vita Sua," Jefferies' "Story of My Heart," Mr. J. W. Mackail's "Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology," and the first series of F. Anstey's inimitable "Voces Populi." The form of the volumes is both pretty and serviceable.

A group of related essays from the pen of Miss Margaret W. Morley on the natural history of grasshoppers, locusts, crickets, katydids, walking-sticks, and other common insects is published under the title "Grasshopper Land" (McClurg). The book is a well-executed piece of sugar-coated science, intended for children or amateur naturalists, and is couched in literary rather than scientific form. It abounds in classical and historical references, and its anatomical and entomological data are trustworthy. The author's style is pleasing, and the illustrations are exceptionally spirited.

Messrs. Herbert B. Turner & Co. publish a "Practical European Guide," by Mr. M. D. Frazar, who has been engaged in the "tourist business" for many years. It is a small book, but it contains a great deal of information about hotels, routes, fares, and noteworthy sights. A book of more limited scope, and consequently greater particularity, is Miss Elizabeth Otis Williams's "Sojourning, Shopping, and Studying in Paris," prepared for the uses of womankind, and published by Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. The book has a good map.

An excellent guide to the common wild flowers, for the use of young nature-lovers, is provided by Miss Edith Dunham in the volume entitled "Fifty Flower Friends with Familiar Faces" (Lothrop). A brief personal sketch of each flower is given, with illustration and exact description, and twelve species are depicted in colored plates by Mr. W. I. Beecroft. A number of appropriate flower poems, by various writers, are interspersed throughout the pages. The boy or girl into whose hands this book is placed can hardly fail to acquire a real and lasting interest in our every-day wild flowers.

A volume highly useful to students of the history of literature, and one which represents a great deal of work on the part of the compiler, is "A Summary of the Literatures of Modern Europe," by Miss Marian Edwardes, now published by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. The period is from the origins to the close of the fourteenth century, and the literatures treated are those of England, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain. The work is essentially an annotated and classified bibliography, with references to the most authoritative scholarly discussions of the writings included. It presents an immense mass of historical and critical information in a form that is both compact and convenient for use.

Forthcoming volumes in the "Belles-Lettres Series," published by Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co., will include the following: "The Fair Penitent and Jane Shore," edited by Professor Sophie Chantal Hart, of Wellesley College; Chapman's "All Fool's and The Gentleman Usher," edited by Professor T. M. Parrott, of Princeton University; "The Spanish Gypsy and All's Lost by Lust," edited by Professor E. P. Morris, of Syracuse University; "Exodus and Daniel in West Saxon," edited by Professor F. A. Blackburn, of the University of Chicago; "The Owl and the Nightingale," edited by Professor John E. Wells, of Hiram College; "Select Poems of Alfred Tennyson," edited by Professor Archibald MacMachan, of Dalhousie College.

Dr. Paul Carus has given much attention of recent years to the study of the Chinese character as expressed in language, literature, and philosophy. Two of his books, just issued by the Open Court Publishing Co., deal respectively with "Chinese Thought" and "Chinese Life and Customs." The former is a continuation of his earlier essay on "Chinese Philosophy." Both books have many illustrations. Abundantly illustrated also are two other books by Dr. Carus, which still further attest his scholarly industry. "The Rise of Man" is a series of chapters upon the evolution of the human species, written in untechnical language, and embodying the most modern ideas of the anthropologists. "The Story of Samson" is an extremely interesting popular study in comparative mythology, with a tendency to treat the story as a solar legend, although not denying the possibility of some historical basis.

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FICTION.

ADAMS, ANDY. Reed Anthony, Cowman. With frontispiece. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

As the author's previous book, "The Log of a Cowboy," dealt with the picturesque side of life in the Western cattle country, this one deals with the business side of cattle-raising.

ADE, GEORGE. The Slim Princess. Illustrated. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.50.

An up-to-date yarn of an American youth and the Turkish princess who wouldn't be fat, by the author of "Fables in Slang."

ARNHIM, COUNTESS VON. Fraulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

A story bright with humorous descriptions of life and people in a little German town, by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden."

BOWEN, MARJORIE. The Master of Stair. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.

The plot of this new story by the author of "The Viper of Milan" is woven about the historic Massacre of Glencoe.

BOWER, B. M. The Range Dwellers. Illustrated in color. G. W. Dillingham Co. $1.50.

A tale of the Montana cattle country, by the author of "Chip of the Flying U."

BOYLES, KATE and VIRGIL D. Langford of the Three Bars. Illustrated in color by N. C. Wyeth. A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.

A story about South Dakota in the days when the "rustlers" held sway in the cattle country.

BUTLER, ELLIS PARKER. Confessions of a Daddy. Illustrated. Century Co. 75 cts.

A new humorous tale by the author of "Pigs is Pigs," telling of a couple who tried to believe themselves happier without children than their neighbors were with little ones.

CARR, SARAH PRATT. The Iron Way: A Tale of the Builders of the West. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.

Events connected with the completion of the Central Pacific railroad in 1867 form the background for this Western story, wherein the giant promoters of that day figure as prominent characters.

COLDSTOCK, HENRY THOMAS. The Ministry of David Baldwin. Illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.

Deals with the life struggle of a young clergyman who could not suppress the truth, in which is outlined the conflict between old school theologians and modern critics.

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A romance of fashionable New York life, the background of which is furnished by the promotion of a trust in automobiles.

CRADDOCK, CHARLES EGBERT. The Windfall. Duffield & Co. $1.50.

In this new novel Miss Murfree returns to the field in which she made her greatest success—the life of the Southern mountaineers.

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A vivid presentment of the varying phases of a woman's life, by the author of "Six Women."

DAVIS, MRS. M. E. M. The Price of Silence. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

A romance of modern New Orleans, with an exciting plot revolving around a Northerner who obtains a footing in the old established society of the city.

DAVIS, NORAH. The World's Warrant. With frontispiece in color. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

This love story of an Alabama girl has abundant incident set against the South of the present day as a background.

DAVIS, RICHARD HARDING. The Scarlet Car. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

Narrates the adventures that befell the Scarlet Car in its wanderings with the man who owned the car, the girl, her brother, and the chauffeur.

DAVIS, WILLIAM STEARNS. The Victor of Salamis. Macmillan Co. $1.50.

The story of a young Grecian winner in the Isthmian games, who is outlawed as a traitor, but who later becomes a famous fighter and at a critical period saves his country from disaster.

DE MORGAN, WILLIAM. Alice-for-Short. Henry Holt and Co. $1.75.

A new novel by the author of "Joseph Vance," one of the most successful of last season's publications. The scene is laid in London and rural England thirty years ago.

DIX, EDWIN ASA. Prophet's Landing. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

The story of the growth of an able man in a small New England town who applies modern business methods with unexpected results.

ELDRIDGE, WILLIAM TILLINGHAST. Hilma. With frontispiece. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Hilma is the princess of a little kingdom in Austria. A young American traveller is the hero of the tale.

FOGAZZARO, ANTONIO. The Sinner. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

This volume completes "The Trilogy of Rome," of which "The Patriot" and "The Saint" were the earlier volumes.

FOGAZZARO, ANTONIO. The Woman. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.

A tale of Italian love and hate, by the author of "The Saint."

GALSWORTHY, JOHN. The Country House. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

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A story of Russia as it is to-day, depicting the great movements that have kept the attention of the world fixed on that Empire during the past few years.

GREEN, ANNA KATHERINE. The Mayor's Wife. Illustrated. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.50.

A tale of mystery in modern American life, by the author of "The Leavenworth Case," "The Woman in the Alcove," and other popular novels.

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Continues the adventures of the character made familiar through Mr. Gunter's popular novel, "Mr. Barnes of New York."

HALL, ELIZA CALVERT. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

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A story in which the author suggests a solution of the problem of sex relations under socialism.

HEMING, ARTHUR. Spirit Lake. Illustrated by the author. Macmillan Co.

A story of the Canadian Northwest, pulsating with Indian life, by a well-known illustrator.

HOWELLS, WILLIAM DEAN. Through the Eye of the Needle. Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

A traveller from Altruria falls in love with and marries a charming American woman, takes her to Altruria, where she has an interesting time learning how to live in a country which has no money and where one can get things only by working three hours a day.

JACOBS, W. W. Short Cruises. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

Stories of seafaring men and 'longshoremen, their wives, schemes, and adventures, by a popular English humorist.

KAUFMAN, HERBERT, and FISK, MAY ISABEL. The Stolen Throne. Illustrated in color, etc. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.50.

Narrates the adventures of a young Englishman in an imaginary kingdom of the "Zenda" type.

KELLY, MYRA. The Isle of Dreams. D. Appleton & Co. $1.25.

The story of a young girl whose life is filled by her ambition as a painter. Art interferes for a time with love, but the latter is triumphant in the end.

LAUGHLIN, CLARA E. Felicity: The Making of a Comedienne. Illustrated in color by Alice Barber Stephens. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

The story of the career of a successful American actress, and her struggle for personal happiness which her own fame jeopardizes.

LIGHTON, WILLIAM R. The Shadow of a Great Rock. With frontispiece in color. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

A typical American story of pioneer life in the West, which recently appeared as a serial in "Putnam's Monthly."

LINCOLN, JOSEPH C. The Old Home House. Illustrated. A. S. Barnes & Co. $1.25.

A collection of eleven short stories by the author of "Captain Eri" and other tales of the Maine coast.

LAWSON, THOMAS W. Friday the 13th. With frontispiece in color. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

The hero is a daring young broker who retrieves the fortunes of the family of the woman he loves (they have been victims of the "System") with the greatest "coup" in the history of Wall Street.

LOVETT, R. M. A Winged Victory. Duffield & Co. $1.50.

The story of what one woman did with her life, with scenes laid in the West of the present day.

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The Life of Isaac Wilson Joyce. By Wilbur Fletcher Sheridan. Illus., 12mo, pp. 281. Jennings & Graham. $1. net.

HISTORY.

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Holderness: An Account of the Beginnings of a New Hampshire Town. By George Hodges. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, pp. 102. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net.

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